

# THE CRITIC

OF

LITERATURE, ART, SCIENCE, AND THE DRAMA;

A GUIDE FOR THE LIBRARY AND BOOK-CLUB.

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## TO READERS.

WE have received many letters, expressing approval of the plan of THE CRITIC, and we must convey to not a few friends, who have appeared in unexpected quarters, our warmest thanks for the exertions they have made to recommend THE CRITIC to the regards of their acquaintances. During the past month we have registered more than one hundred new subscribers; and if each of our present friends would make an effort to procure one new subscriber in the course of the next month (and there is not one who might not with ease do this), THE CRITIC would immediately take its place as an established periodical, repaying its expenses, and commanding the aid of the best writers. Will they make an endeavour to do this, and send the names of the subscribers they procure?

It will be seen that we have adopted some improvements for the better accomplishment of the primary object of THE CRITIC, which is to supply to the reading public that which they have not now, a faithful and complete, but cheap, guide to the Library and Book Club. The list of new books is arranged under the same divisions as the reviews, and, at a glance, the reader will see what works have been published on the subjects that most interest him.

We shall also commence a list of books wanted for purchase, and any subscriber who wants any book may have it inserted in this list without charge, and be informed if an offer of it be made, and the price.

## LITERATURE.

### Summary.

THE past month has produced little that claims special attention. In History, we have to record but one publication of value, Prescott's History of Mexico, a notice of which will be found below. It will be observed that many of the wonted divisions into which the literature is arranged for convenience of reference are altogether wanting in the present number, so great has been the dearth of good books. In their absence we have been compelled to resort, more largely than it pleases us to do, to works of amusement. And even in that

quarter there is nothing peculiarly calculated to attract the reader, not a poem that will live for a month, not a novel that will survive the season. Accident has enabled us to make this month's CRITIC interesting by its selections, but the books submitted to its tribunal offered no themes for criticism; they did not deserve praise, and deliberately to have dissected them would have been a ridiculous labour. There was no resource but to extract the best bits that could be found in them, and leave them to their fate.

Nor is there much more to be cited in the way of promise than of performance. Mr. Murray announces a *Life of Sir Francis Drake*, by Mr. Barrow, than whom there is no man fitter for the task; the *Correspondence of William Taylor, of Norwich, with Robert Southey*, and a memoir of the former, a work which cannot fail to contain much that will interest; and we anticipate a rich literary repast in the *Results of Reading*, by M. T. S. Caldwell, of which rumour tells a flattering tale. We observe with pleasure, also, that the next volume of that valuable series, the *Edinburgh Cabinet Library*, is to be devoted to a history of all the voyages round the world from the death of Captain Cook to the present time. There is nothing noteworthy in prospect save these.

The "*Adventures of Monsieur Violet*," reviewed in the last number of THE CRITIC, have been the occasion of a warm controversy upon their authenticity. We classed them among Travels and supposed them to be a narrative of the Captain's experiences thrown into the form of a romance for the sake of sale. But it seems that the Captain knows nothing personally of Texas:—that Monsieur Violet is a living personage, who claims to be the direct descendant of royalty; that he joined the Indian tribes, from love of a roaming life; that he came to England, was introduced to Captain Marryat, who transcribed his story from his own lips, and the volumes in question, marvellous as they are, do not present one-half the wonders related by the hero, the Captain having prudently pruned a great deal which he could not hope to obtain credence for. He was satisfied that his informant was no impostor; but others have doubted the identity, and have set down the entire story as a fabrication. The daily papers have been loaded with some columns of small type upon the subject, which we have no inclination to transcribe on a matter so unimportant.

## HISTORY.

*History of the Conquest of Mexico, with a Preliminary View of the Ancient Mexican Civilization, and the Life of the Conqueror, Hernando Cortés*, By W. H. PRESCOTT. In 3 vols. London, 1843. Bentley.

WE had scarcely risen from the perusal of the delightful record of the most romantic exploit in history, penned in simple and spirited language by the principal actor himself, which we reviewed in our first number, when this more comprehensive work, by the well-known author of "*The History of Ferdinand and Isabella*," was put into our hands. All who are acquainted with that most important and valuable contribution to historical literature will acknowledge the peculiar fitness of Mr. Prescott to undertake the present subject, and all who read this work will confirm the correctness of this estimate of his powers, and by their admiration of the skill with which he has here exercised them, swell the tribute of well-deserved applause which, daily increasing with the knowledge of his writings, may in some degree solace him under the calamity which has added his name to the long list of labourers in the garden of knowledge, who by too earnest prosecution of their pursuits have become deprived of sight.

None of the works that have hitherto appeared on this subject, although there are many distinguished for various merits, are entirely satisfactory. Herrera, by his slavish adherence to chronological arrangement and his deficiency in all the graces of composition, prevented the industry, patience, and acuteness, which marked his *Historia General de las Indias Occidentales* from being appreciated by the general reader, while Solís, having secured admiration by the elegance of his style and the unbounded panegyric of his countrymen, which distinguished the *Conquista de Mexico*, deemed very limited research sufficient, and critical inquiry into the value of the authorities which he followed almost superfluous, and in the absence of all references, the reader was unable to test the correctness of his assertions. The *Storia Antica del Messico* of the Abbé Clavigero, the fruit of thirty-five years' residence in the country, is invaluable for the mass of antiquarian lore, and the elaborate disquisitions upon the Mexican chronology, which it contains, but still it is principally useful to the student who is adventurous enough to attempt the dimly lighted path of early Mexican history; and although Robertson's general sketch both of the history and civilization of Mexico is worthy of the high character of the author, yet the present work, from its plan and the much more abundant materials upon which it is based, will supply the library with what has long been needed, a clear and sufficiently minute account of the early history and the

singular character of the civilization of Mexico, together with a full recital of its conquest by the gallant band of fortune-seekers under the chivalric Hernando Cortés.

The extent of Mr. Prescott's researches may be judged of by the fact, that from the archives of the Royal Academy of History at Madrid, and the collection of Don Martin Fernandez de Navarrete, the president, alone, he has obtained above 8,000 folio pages of unpublished materials relating to the Conquest and settlement of Mexico and Peru, of the most valuable and trustworthy character, consisting of instructions of the court, military and private journals, correspondence of the great actors in the scenes, legal instruments, contemporary chronicles, and the like, and he has also availed himself of every other accessible collection. In the use that he has made of these, he has not only avoided the faults of the preceding writers, but united their respective excellencies, and these volumes, marked by patient inquiry, careful examination of authorities, critical discrimination of their value, and freedom from fanciful speculation, and adorned by judicious selection of incident, elegance of language, picturesque descriptions, frequent and happy illustrations, drawn without pedantry from the author's varied stores of knowledge, fair and philosophical estimation of the actors according to the opinions of their own time, not the advanced morality of this, and a lively imagination, without which no history can be truthfully written, cannot but become the standard work upon this interesting subject.\* So highly do we admire it, that we cannot agree with the modest expression of regret by Mr. Prescott that Washington Irving, who by a singular coincidence was preparing a similar work, should have abandoned his design in favour of the present.

We have so recently noticed the leading events in the career of Cortés, that we shall only give one or two quotations from this portion of the work, that we may devote more space to the subject of the civilization of the conquered race. Midway between the Pacific and Atlantic Oceans, at an elevation of 7,500 feet, and belted by a rampart of porphyritic rock, is the famed valley of Mexico. It is oval in form and about sixty-seven leagues in circumference, with one-tenth of its surface covered by the waters of five lakes; and even now, when the forests have been laid low and the soil become in many parts barren from being unsheltered from the tropical sun, and the surface whitened with saline incrustations from the partial drying up of the waters, it is a scene of singular beauty. What it was when Cortés, like Hannibal, shewing the rich plains of Italy to his wearied troops from the summit of the Alps, gained the crest of the Sierra of Ahualco, may be imagined from the following description:—

"They had not advanced far, when turning an angle of the sierra, they suddenly came on a view which more than compensated the toils of the preceding day; it was that of the Valley of Mexico, or Tenochtitlan, as more commonly called by the natives, which, with its picturesque assemblage of water, woodland, and cultivated plains, its shining cities and shadowy hills, was spread out like some gay and gorgeous panorama before them. In the highly-rarefied atmosphere of these upper regions, even remote objects have a brilliancy of colouring and a distinctness of outline which seem to annihilate distance. Stretching far away at their feet were seen noble forests of oak, sycamore, and cedar, and beyond, yellow fields of maize and the towering maguay, intermingled with orchards and blooming gardens, for flowers, in such demand for their religious festivals, were even more abundant in this populous valley than in other parts of Anahuac. In the centre of the great basin were beheld the lakes, occupying then a much larger portion of its surface than at present, their borders thickly studded with towns and hamlets, and in the midst—like some Indian empress with her coronal of pearls—the fair city of Mexico, with her white towers and pyramidal temples, reposing, as it were, on the bosom of the waters—the far-famed 'Venice of the Aztecs.' High over all rose the royal hill of Chapultepec, the residence of the Mexican monarchs, crowned with the same grove of gigantic cypresses, which at this day fling their broad shadows over the land; in the distance, beyond the blue waters of the lake, and nearly screened by intervening foliage, was seen a shining speck, the rival capital of Tezcuco, and still further on, the dark belt of porphyry girdling the valley, around like a rich setting which Nature had devised for the fairest of her jewels."

The most desperate conflict the Spaniards were en-

gaged in was the battle of Otumba, in their retreat from Mexico, after the *noche triste*. The whole Indian race were there gathered, confident of sweeping from the land the already discomfited invaders. The Spaniards advanced with all the steadiness of men who knew that death or victory was that day to be their lot, and fought against almost overwhelming numbers with the utmost heroism. Still fresh enemies appeared; the contest had lasted several hours, and worn out with desperate exertions, and fainting under the scorching sun, the Christians began to relax their efforts.

"At this critical moment, Cortés, whose restless eye had been roving round the field in quest of any object that might offer him the means of arresting the coming ruin, rising in his stirrups, descried at a distance, in the midst of the throng, the chief, who from his dress and military cortège he knew must be the commander of the barbarian forces. He was covered with a rich surcoat of feather work, and a panache of beautiful plumes, gorgeously set in gold and precious stones, floated above his head: rising above this, and attached to his back, between the shoulders, was a short staff, bearing a golden net for a banner, the singular but customary symbol of authority for an Aztec commander. The cacique, whose name was Cihuaca, was borne on a litter, and a body of young warriors, whose gay and ornamental dresses shewed them to be the flower of the Indian nobles, stood round as a guard of his person and the sacred emblem.

"The eagle eye of Cortés no sooner fell on this personage, than it lighted up with triumph. Turning quickly round to the cavaliers at his side, among whom were Sandoval, Olid, Alvarado, and Avila, he pointed out the chief, exclaiming, 'There is our mark! Follow and support me.' Then crying his war cry, and striking his iron heel into his weary steed, he plunged headlong into the thickest of the press. His enemies fell back, taken by surprise, and daunted by the ferocity of the attack; those who did not were pierced through with his lance, or borne down by the weight of his charger. The cavaliers followed close in the rear. On they swept, with the fury of a thunder-bolt, cleaving the solid ranks asunder, strewn their path with the dying and the dead, and bounding over every obstacle in their way. In a few minutes they were, in the presence of the Indian commander, and Cortés, overturning his supporters, sprung forward with the strength of a lion, and striking him through with his lance, hurled him to the ground; a young cavalier, Juan de Salamanca, who had kept close by his general's side, quickly dismounted and despatched the fallen chief. Then tearing away his banner, he presented it to Cortés, as a trophy to which he had the best claim. It was all the work of a moment. The guard, overpowered by the suddenness of the onset, made little resistance, but flying, communicated their own panic to their comrades. The tidings of the loss soon spread over the field. The Indians, filled with consternation, now thought only of escape. In their blind terror, their numbers augmented their confusion; they trampled on one another, fancying it was the enemy in their rear."

He concludes the account of the conquest by the following vivid summary:—

"That a handful of adventurers, indifferently armed and equipped, should have landed on the shores of a powerful empire, inhabited by a fierce and warlike race, and, in defiance of the reiterated prohibitions of its sovereign, have forced their way into the interior; that they should have done this, without knowledge of the language or of the land, without chart or compass to guide them, without any idea of the difficulties they were to encounter, totally uncertain whether the next step might bring them on a hostile nation, or on a desert, feeling their way along in the dark, as it were; that, though nearly overwhelmed by their first encounter with the inhabitants, they should have still pressed on to the capital of the empire, and having reached it, threw themselves unhesitatingly into the midst of their enemies; that, so far from being daunted by the extraordinary spectacle there exhibited of power and civilization, they should have been but the more confirmed in their original design; that they should have seized the monarch, have executed his ministers before the eyes of his subjects, and, when driven forth with ruin from the gates, have gathered their scattered wreck together, and, after a system of operations, pursued with consummate policy and daring, have succeeded in overturning the capital, and establishing their sway over the country;—that all this should have been so effected by a mere handful of adventurers, is a fact little short of the miraculous,—too startling for the probabilities demanded by fiction, and without a parallel in the pages of history.

"Yet this must not be understood too literally; for it would be unjust to the Aztecs themselves, at least to their military prowess, to regard the conquest as directly achieved by the Spaniards alone. This would indeed be to arm the latter with the charmed shield of Ruggiero, and the magic lance of Astolfo overturning its hundreds at a touch. The Indian empire

was in a manner conquered by Indians. The first terrible encounter of the Spaniards with the Tlascalas, which had nearly proved their ruin, did in fact insure their success. It secured to them a strong native support, on which to retreat in the hour of trouble, and round which they could rally the kindred races of the land for one great and overwhelming assault. The Aztec monarchy fell by the hands of its own subjects, under the direction of European sagacity and science. Had it been united, it might have bidden defiance to the invaders. As it was, the capital was dissevered from the rest of the country, and the bolt, which might have passed off comparatively harmless, had the empire been cemented by a common principle of loyalty and patriotism, now found its way into every crack and crevice of the ill-compacted fabric, and buried it in its own ruins. Its fate may serve as a striking proof, that a government, which does not rest on the sympathies of its subjects, cannot long abide; that human institutions, when not connected with human prosperity and progress, must fall—if not before the increasing light of civilization, by the hand of violence; by violence from within, if not from without. And who shall lament their fall?"

The three great problems for the antiquaries and philologists of the present day, are the language of the Etruscans, the history and explanation of the newly discovered ruins in Lycia; and the origin of the Toltecs. This last mysterious people occupied Anahuac, or Mexico, for several centuries. Whence they came, and from what cause they disappeared, are matters of mere conjecture. They furnished, however, all the real elements of the Mexican civilization. They were well instructed in agriculture, were skilful workers of metals, although ignorant of the use of iron, as were also the Aztecs; they invented that complex arrangement of time, which shewed considerable advancement in scientific knowledge, and were probably the builders of those mysterious cities in Central America, the ruins of which, half-buried amid the luxuriance of tropical vegetation, fill the mind with feelings of indescribable awe. That the inscriptions upon these ruins will ever be deciphered we can scarcely hope, for even the hieroglyphical characters of the later Mexican race are still unknown, for which we have probably to thank the first archbishop of Mexico, Don Juan de Zumarraga, whose *auto-da-fé* of a "mountain heap" of Mexican paintings and manuscripts rivalled the destruction of Arabic manuscripts by Cardinal Ximenes about twenty years before.

Of the social state of the Mexicans, however, we have details sufficient to astonish us at the strange contrast between their advancement in refinement and their barbarous religious rites. They had an established police, a system of running couriers, pure administration of justice by judges appointed for life; hospitals for their wounded soldiers, all which institutions were unknown to civilized Europe. Slavery was deprived of half its evils by the principle that no one could be born a slave, and the murder of a slave was punished with death. Their women were treated kindly, and passed their time in indolent tranquillity, or in spinning and embroidery, while their maidens beguiled their careless hours with ballads and traditions.

The following extract, given from Sahagun, who went to Mexico immediately subsequent to the conquest, and spent his life in collecting information respecting the Aztecs, well illustrates their condition. It is part of the advice of an Aztec matron to her daughter:—

"Take care that your garments are such as are decent and proper; and observe that you do not adorn yourself with much finery, since this is a mark of vanity and of folly. As little becoming is it that your dress should be very mean, dirty, or ragged; since rags are a mark of the low, and of those who are held in contempt. Let your clothes be becoming and neat, that you may neither appear fantastic nor mean. When you speak, do not hurry your words from uneasiness, but speak deliberately and calmly. Do not raise your voice very high, nor speak very low, but in a moderate tone. Neither mince, when you speak, nor when you salute, nor speak through your nose; but let your words be proper, of a good sound, and your voice gentle. Do not be nice in the choice of your words. In walking, my daughter, see that you behave yourself becomingly, neither going with haste, nor too slowly; since it is an evidence of being puffed up, to walk too slowly, and walking hastily causes a vicious habit of restlessness and instability. Therefore, neither walk very fast, nor very slow; yet when it shall be necessary to go with haste, do so—in this use your discretion. And when you may be obliged to jump over a pool of water, do it with decency, that you may neither appear clumsy nor light."

\* It is rendered more complete and valuable by biographical and critical notices of all the authors whose works he has referred to. That of Las Casas, the celebrated protector general of the Indians, is particularly interesting.



When you are in the street, do not carry your head much inclined, or your body bent; nor as little go with your head very much raised, since it is a mark of ill breeding; walk erect, and with your head slightly inclined. Do not have your mouth covered, or your face, from shame, nor go looking like a near-sighted person, nor on your way make fantastic movements with your feet. Walk through the street quietly, and with propriety. Another thing that you must attend to, my daughter, is, that when you are in the street, you do not go looking hither and thither, nor turning your head to look at this and that; walk neither looking to the skies, nor on the ground. See, my daughter, that you give yourself no concern about the words you may hear in going through the street, nor pay any regard to them; let those who come and go say what they will. Take care that you neither answer nor speak, but act as if you neither heard nor understood them."

After a warning against the use of paint, the matron proceeds:—

"But, that your husband may not dislike you, adorn yourself, wash yourself, and cleanse your clothes; and let this be done with moderation, since if every day you wash yourself and your clothes, it will be said of you that you are overnice—too delicate."

Although the Aztec was essentially a warrior, commerce was protected and honoured: the wandering merchants were frequently consulted by the sovereign, they had peculiar privileges, and any insult to them was always a signal for war. In Tezcuco flourished historians, orators, and poets, foremost amongst whom was Nezahualcoyotl, whose romantic history is given at some length in the first volume, and affords a most remarkable parallel to the adventures of Prince Charles Edward, and no less singular a resemblance to the story of David and Uriah. It was in his time that the league between Mexico, Tezcuco, and the little kingdom of Tlacopan was made, by which they were mutually to support each other in their wars, offensive and defensive, and to share the spoil in certain proportions. This singular treaty was strictly observed without a quarrel, during a century of uninterrupted warfare. Can Europeans boast of any such instance of good faith? This, however, is the bright side of the picture; the reverse is a degrading and blood-stained superstition. The main object of their warfare was to procure slaves to sacrifice to their numerous deities. Each successive monarch commenced his reign by an expedition for this purpose, and the altars of the *teocallis* streamed with the blood of daily victims, whose flesh was afterwards served up at banquets, attended by both sexes, and carried on with all the decorum of civilized life. The priesthood ruled triumphantly, and the sublime thoughts and dogmas, which were strangely intermingled with these abominations, could produce no practical effect, or even form the groundwork of a reformation, being mere fragments of tradition, with no authoritative foundation to refer to, like that which has enabled the Protestant to shake off the thrall of ignorance and superstition. They addressed the Deity "as the God by whom we live," "omnipresent, that knoweth all thoughts and giveth all gifts," "invisible, incorporeal, one God, of perfect perfection and purity," "under whose wings we find repose and a sure defence." They taught the existence of a heaven more refined in its joys than the elysium of paganism; for after some years spent in following the Sun with songs and dances, the spirits of the blessed animated clouds and beautiful singing birds, and went to revel amid the rich blossoms and odours of the gardens of paradise. Their hell, too, was marked by the absence of all physical suffering. The cross, as also amongst the ancient Syrians and Egyptians, was a symbol of worship, and they had rites of confession and absolution, which, although it could only be granted once for the same offence, conferred the additional privilege of immunity from any imminent liability that they had incurred by their past misdeeds. But the most startling resemblance to Christian notions is the rite of baptism, which was performed in the following manner:—

"When every thing necessary for the baptism had been made ready, all the relations of the child were assembled, the midwife, who was the person that performed the rite of baptism, was summoned. At early dawn they met together in the court-yard of the house. When the sun had risen, the midwife, taking the child into her arms, called for a little earthen vessel of water, while those about her placed the ornaments which had been prepared for the baptism in the midst of the court. To perform the rite, she placed herself with her face toward the west, and immediately began to go through certain ceremonies,

After this she sprinkled water on the head of the infant, saying, 'O, my child! take and receive the water of the Lord of the world, which is our life, and is given for the increasing and renewing of our body. It is to wash and purify. I pray that these heavenly drops may enter your body, and dwell there; that they may destroy and remove from you all the evil and sin which was given to you before the beginning of the world; since all of us are under its power, being all the children of Chalchivilycuc (the goddess of water).' She then washed the body of the child with water, and spoke in this manner:— 'Whencesoever thou comest, thou that art hurtful to this child, leave him and depart from him, for he now liveth anew, and is born anew; now is he purified and cleansed afresh, and our mother Chalchivilycuc again bringeth him into the world.' Having thus prayed, the midwife took the child in both hands, and lifting him towards heaven, said, 'O Lord, thou seest here thy creature whom thou hast sent into this world, this place of sorrow, suffering, and penitence. Grant him, O Lord, thy gifts and thine inspiration, for thou art the great God, and with thee is the great goddess.' After this the child was named by the midwife. Torches of pine were burning during the whole ceremony."

As may readily be supposed, such Christianlike notions and ceremonies have dazzled the imaginations of some of the writers on Mexican antiquities. One is satisfied that the god of the air, Quetzalcoatl, to whose memory undying fires flamed from the summit of the great pyramid of Cholula, and whose return to the land was looked forward to with eager desire, was no other than St. Thomas, who reached America by some miracle unrelated in "Butler's Lives of the Saints," while another identifies the same deity with Noah. Lord Kingsborough, whose judgment is not equal to the learning with which he has illustrated his magnificent work upon the antiquities of Mexico, declares his deliberate conviction "that the Aztecs had a clear knowledge of the Old Testament, and, most probably, of the New, though somewhat corrupted by time and hieroglyphics!" There are still men

"Whose primitive tradition reaches  
As far as Adam's first green breeches."

We may remark, *en passant*, that if this rite of baptism be regarded as a relic of Christianity, it would afford a strong support to the conclusion which, with Mr. Prescott, we consider as the most probable one, that the civilization of Anahuac was in some degree, though at a very remote period, influenced by that of Eastern Asia; for the Christians of Eastern Asia would of course have Jerusalem on their west; and so the apparent contradiction to Christian usage, which our readers have doubtless observed in the Aztec rite would be accounted for. As Mr. Prescott in other portions of his work observes upon the fondness of the early Spanish writers to discover or make resemblances to the true faith, we suppose that he is fully satisfied with the authority of Sahagun for this baptismal-ceremony. Probably it is confirmed by other evidence. We have not space to enter at length into the various coincidences which lead to the conclusion above-mentioned as to the origin of the Mexican civilization. Some analogies cannot be relied on for the purpose of proving the connection between nations, because they may be the result of similar circumstances, or arise from the essential oneness of the human mind amid all the diversities of circumstance; but the analogies of science are more certain, and the ingenious arrangement of years into cycles, and of reckoning by means of periodical series, instead of numbers, which was the principle adopted by the Chinese, Japanese, Mongols, the resemblance of religious institutions, and of some religious rites—as those of marriage and the burial of the dead—and a conformity of social usages and manners in many minute and arbitrary points, form strong arguments in favour of what is in itself extremely probable—that the Toltec and Mexican races proceeded from Eastern Asia. Their ignorance of the use of iron and of milk, and the complete dissimilarity of language, are, amongst other things, great difficulties in the way of this conclusion; but absolute certainty cannot be arrived at on such a subject; and, as our author well remarks, the affectation of it argues a most unphilosophical mind. At any rate, few will be inclined to agree with Colonel Galindo, who, determined to "whip the Britishers," and all other Europeans, considers that civilization was nursed in Central America, whence it passed to China, and latterly to Europe, which, with "foolish vanity," has ventured to think differently.

*Australia, its history and present condition, containing an account both of the bush and of the colonies, with their respective inhabitants.* By the REV. W. PRIDDEN, M.A., Vicar of Broxted, Essex. London, 1843. Burns.

This book forms one of a series entitled "The Englishman's Library," which has emanated from the High Church party, for the purpose of indirectly influencing the minds of the rising generation, through the medium of histories, historic tales, and works of fiction, in favour of those peculiar tenets and ceremonial observances which have of late years attracted so much notice. We shall not deviate from our principle of neutrality in matters of religion to discuss the correctness of these views, but we must protest against the covert introduction of such topics into a work like the present, as a flagrant and unwarrantable deception upon the public. If the writer's zeal leads him to press them, in season and out of season, his honesty should at least dictate the avowal of the true contents of the book, and he should not avail himself of the interest which the community feels in such important colonies as those of Australia to palm upon it, under a pompous title, little else than invectives against dissent, and an exposure of the insufficient provision which has hitherto been made by England for the spiritual wants of her emigrants. In truth, this is a fitting subject to be brought most prominently before the public, and forced upon the attention of government, but a good cause cannot be forwarded by such unworthy means.

Let not, then, any of our readers be entrapped into purchasing this book in the expectation of obtaining accurate and useful information upon the present condition of these colonies. One-half of the pages are filled with extracts, amusing enough in themselves, but disproportionately long, from the travels of Captain Grey, Major Mitchell, and Captain Sturt, respecting the condition and character of the natives, while the details of the present state of the colonists are meagre and bare in the extreme. In his preface, Mr. Pridden states, that the facts having been compiled without prejudice and without personal knowledge, his book may be defective in some minute points, but will more probably shew right principles.

In his anxiety, however, to illustrate these principles by venting weak sneers at all who hold not his opinions in religion, and drawing twaddling parallels between the colonies and the mother country, he has forgotten the main principles upon which compilation should be written,—research and accuracy. He gravely tells us in one place that, "notwithstanding all that may be said, disease and death can find out their victims even in Bathurst plains;" in another, that "noise would appear to have great charms in savage ears, and sometimes, from the high key in which our English songs are occasionally pitched, it would seem to have charms also for ears polite," and that "even the strife of civilized men in their public meetings and vestries (the italics are the author's), is often tolerably boisterous." He is so possessed with the one idea of the indissoluble connection between bishops and religion, that he attributes the great increase of church accommodation between 1836 and 1841 solely and simply to the establishment of the bishopric of Australia in the former year, as if the facts, that in that period the population had doubled, and the wealth of the country probably trebled, had no influence. The time wasted in whole pages written on this principle would have been better spent in examining the more recent accounts of the colony. Who would suppose that the author refers to the papers in the early part of 1842 as the latest records, and in his eagerness to read us a homily upon popular discontent, describes the government and constitution, in utter ignorance that, by an Act passed in the session of 1842, this whole system was changed, and a representative government bestowed upon the colony of New South Wales? Not only is this unnoticed, but Mr. Pridden, with characteristic modesty, says, he will speak the truth at the hazard of delaying the granting such a privilege. Ye new-fledged senators of New South Wales, mayors, and town-councillors, congratulate yourselves that his book was not published in 1841, instead of 1843. With such an opponent, your cries for local government would have been unheeded.

We will inform Mr. Pridden that the government of New South Wales is vested in the governor and Legislative Council of Thirty-six, twelve of whom

are appointed by the Crown, and twenty-four elected by the people; the electors being freeholders of 200*l.*, or householders of 20*l.* annual value. The governor has power to divide the colony into districts for the purposes of local government, and the papers have for some months teemed with the usual election addresses. The Legislative Council will have the management of the public revenue, with the exception of the following sums, which are specifically appropriated by the Government, 33,000*l.* for the administration of justice; 18,600*l.* for the colonial service, and 30,000*l.* for public worship.

The question, therefore, of their fitness for representative government will soon be tested by experience, and not by the prophecies of Mr. Pridden.

Even where the facts would have afforded the compiler scope for his favourite moral reflections, he has remained in ignorant silence. No inquiry into the causes and effects of their recent boundless extravagance and insane speculation, no account of the working of the late insolvent laws, none of the depression of commerce, none of its actual condition, no correct view of the prospects of the emigrant, and, indeed, nothing of any real value is to be found in the book.

The literary merits are equally slender, and we can find nothing worthy of extract from the latter portion, but the following account of the revelry that takes place upon the auspicious event of a whale being thrown ashore, as an amusing illustration of the native character. The author's comments are also given to shew his powers of discrimination:—

#### A WHALE ASHORE.

"When the Australian finds a whale thrown ashore in his own district, his heart warms and opens with kind feelings of hospitality; he longs to see all his friends about him, and large fires are immediately kindled to announce the fortunate and joyful event. Notice of the feast having been thus given, and a due invitation forwarded, he rubs himself all over with the blubber, and his favourite wives are served in the same manner, after which, he begins to cut his way into the flesh of the whale, the grain of which is about the firmness of a goose-quill: of this he chooses the nicest morsels, and either broils them on the fire, or cooks them by cutting them into small pieces, and spitting them on a pointed stick.

"Other natives, attracted by the flaming signal of revelry, soon assemble in gay companies from all quarters: by night they dance and sing, and by day they eat and sleep, and the feast continues unchecked until they at last fairly eat their way into the whale, and may be seen climbing in and about the carcase, choosing their favourite pieces. The fish, in a few days, becomes more disagreeable than ever, but still they will not leave it, until they have completely gorged with it,—out of temper from indigestion, and therefore engaged in frequent quarrels. And, even when they are, at length, obliged to quit the feast, they carry off with them as much as they can stagger under, to eat upon the way, and to take as a rarity to their distant friends. Such is a true picture of a native Australian feast, and the polished sons and daughters of Europe will turn away from it with feelings of unmingled disgust. But, with how many of these is life itself a perpetual series of feasting, less gross and less disgusting indeed, but not less really sensual than this! How many inhabitants of civilized countries live continually as though the saying, 'Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die' were the whole sum and substance of practical wisdom! Yet if it were so, who would be more happy, who more blessed in his situation, than the savage devouring, day after day, the food his heart delights in?"

To this we may append a specimen of native philosophy extracted from Captain Grey's travels. It is a conversation with a native of Western Australia:—

#### A DIALOGUE.

"What for do you, who have plenty to eat, and much money, walk so far away in the Bush?" was his first inquiry. The Captain, fatigued and rather out of humour, made no reply. "You are thin," continued the philosopher, "your shaaks are long, your belly is small,—you had plenty to eat at home, why did you not stop there?" "Imbat, you comprehend nothing,—you know nothing," was the traveller's brief reply. "I know nothing!" answered the wise man of the woods, "I know how to keep myself fat; the young women look at me and say, Imbat is very handsome, he is fat;—they will look at you and say, He not good—long legs;—what do you know? where is your fat? what for do you know so much, if you can't keep fat? I know how to stay at home, and not walk too far in the Bush: where is your fat?" "You know how to talk, long tongue," answered the Captain;—"And I know how to make you fat!" re-

joined Imbat, forgetting his anger, and bursting into a roar of laughter, as he began stuffing his guest with frogs, *by-yu nuts*, &c."

#### Thanks voted by both Houses of Parliament to the Army and Navy. London, 1843. Hansard.

THIS is a curious and interesting record of the most splendid victories by sea and land of which Britain boasts. The design of the book is conveyed in its title. It has been the custom for Parliament solemnly to vote the thanks of the nation to its distinguished generals and admirals on the occasion of some great service performed. These votes of thanks are formally entered upon the journals of both houses. Sir Henry Hardinge some time since expressed his surprise that these memorials had not been gathered into a more accessible form. On this hint Messrs. Hansard have acted, and the volume before us is the result. They have limited the collection, however, to a very narrow period, going back no further than the beginning of the present century. But what a glorious record it is! In the naval list are the names of Nelson, Exmouth, Collingwood, Parker, Saumarez, and Stopford. Among the generals are Wellington, Picton, Vivian, Hill, Baird, Byng, Beresford, Graham, Hope, Hutchinson, &c. &c. It is, perhaps, scarcely necessary to add that such a work affords no matter for extract in a periodical like this, nor, indeed, does it require thus to be illustrated, for its merits must be sufficiently obvious to every reader, and it will be a necessary addition to the Historical Library.

#### History of the War in Affghanistan. Edited by CHARLES NASH, Esq. London, 1843. Brooks.

So much has been written on this painful subject, so familiar have the public been made by journals, and letters, and narratives, with every place and personage of mark connected with the memorable events of the disastrous affair, that we will not weary our readers by repeating Mr. Nash's history, which is partly compiled from other publications, partly composed of extracts from the journal and correspondence of an officer of rank, who figured in the drama. The time is not yet come for a dispassionate history of the war, or a fair review of the character of those who were concerned in its production, its conduct, and its conclusion; nor is Mr. Nash's book such a one in literary accomplishment as to justify the title affixed to it. As a connected narrative of the whole affair, it is not, however, without interest, and certainly of some utility for purposes of reference. It might be ordered in the book club, when there is a lack of publications for the purpose, but not in preference to any other that may be recommended.

#### Chronicles of the Pilgrim Fathers of the Colony of Plymouth, from 1602 to 1625, now first Collected from Original Records and Contemporaneous printed Documents, and Illustrated with notes.—A. YOUNG, Boston.

ANY of our readers who may feel interested in the records of the sufferings for conscience' sake of the sincere and zealous Brownists or Puritans, the founders of New England, will find this volume an authentic memorial written by different members of their own body. The editor has enriched the work with copious notes and references to almost every publication which contains any thing bearing upon the subject, so that it is what it professes to be, a worthy monument to the memory of the Pilgrim Fathers.

#### BIOGRAPHY.

#### An Autobiographical Memoir, with Remarks on the various Incidents which have occurred during Forty-five Years of his Life, &c. &c. By SAMUEL WESTCOTT TILKE, Medical Herbalist, &c. London. Marsh.

IT has been truly said that there is not one human being in whose faithful autobiography his fellow-beings would not feel an intense interest. We therefore make no apology for introducing to the readers of THE CRITIC the autobiography of Mr. Samuel Westcott Tilke, Medical Herbalist, &c. &c.—"a living example," to use his own words, "of what may be attained by industry and perseverance;" \* \* \* "an instance of one having obtained a prosperous and useful position in society,

who began life without either friends to aid or education to guide" him.

The pride of ancestry clings to our hero: he is proud of their lowly condition. He takes the trouble to trace his pedigree back to his great grandfather, as if to satisfy the world that he can boast of having one, though Sir Robert Peel, and many other great men, are said not to have even a grandfather.

Mr. Tilke's father, then, was a baker; his mother, the daughter of a miller; and himself was born at Sidmouth, in Devonshire, and, "being a plump little fellow, had the good fortune to satisfy uncle Sam, and, as a matter of course, was christened after him." It will be seen presently that the luck which attended his birth has accompanied him through life.

When he was about three years old, his father became involved in pecuniary difficulties, left his wife and family at Sidmouth to seek work in London, where he was soon laid upon a sick bed, while his children would have famished at home but for the kindness of one Mr. Harris (whose name deserves to be recorded), who placed them with their mother in a small house, and provided for their most urgent necessities.

In this dependant situation, with bread at an enormous price, they endured severe privations. Our hero remembers how at five years of age he never tasted wheaten bread. "Our food," he says, "at this period of scarcity, was seldom any thing more than barley-bread and boiled hop-tops, to obtain which my brother Joel and myself used to travel several miles." Even this wretched fare would have failed the family of five children, but for a charitable committee formed at Sidmouth, who supplied the poor with wholesome meat at a very reduced price. An affecting incident occurred on the occasion of one of the visits of the children to Sidmouth to procure a portion of this bounty:—

"My brother and myself used to go to Sidmouth to get the meal; my mother always, with the greatest care, wrapped up the money, and placed it in one of our pockets. On one of these errands, we got playing upon a straw-heap in our way, and lost our treasure, but this we did not discover till our arrival at Sidmouth. What was to be done? we had no money, and could get no food. We returned to Sidbury, yet dared not face our mother; not that we were afraid of her, for she was one of the most kind and tender-hearted creatures in the world. We hid ourselves in the churchyard, where we were discovered, at ten o'clock at night, in a most heart-broken state. Late as it was, our mother accompanied us to the straw-heap, and by dint of perseverance, discovered the lost treasure, two shillings and ten-pence, and we returned, right glad and happy, to our home."

Soon afterwards the father succeeded in obtaining good employ in London, and sent for the two boys. Joel, the elder, was first despatched, and our hero followed. The journey was an adventurous one:—

"I well remember the preparations which were made for my departure; six days' provision, consisting of a pudding and a cake, were put into a bag; I was placed in one of Russell's waggons, and, although not six years of age, was separated from my dear mother, whose heart I thought would have broken. My associates consisted of soldiers' wives and their children, who not only teased and worried me, but the first night stole all my provision. For three days I did not taste food, nor was the wretched state I was in discovered till the evening of the third, when we alighted at an inn, where the waggoner, observing me to pick up some crumbs of bread which lay on the table, questioned me about my food; I told him my tale, when he most kindly supplied my immediate wants, and paid me every necessary attention during the remainder of my journey."

The father received the boy at Hyde-park-corner, and a happy party they were that evening. This prosperous state continued for some time, when, the concern closing in which he was employed, the people of Sidmouth raised a subscription to set him up in business again in his native town.

The re-union of the family was a scene better imagined than described. In 1803 they re-commenced business with every prospect of success; but the old creditors gave them no rest, and in one year they compelled a second failure.

Thrown once more on his own resources, the resolute spirit of young Tilke exhibited itself in a form which was the best augury of a career of usefulness and prosperity; and the boy's proceedings at this epoch of his life are so characteristic, so creditable, and, as an example of what may be done by



industry, so useful, that the details, though minute, are not tedious, and we dwell upon them at some length.

He was but nine years of age when the misfortune came upon his family. Immediately his resolution was taken to do something for them, as well as to support himself. Idlers of all ranks and all ages, read these doings of a child of nine years, and blush for yourselves!

"I went to work as a plough-boy for ten days at 6d. per diem; with this sum I purchased a young donkey, which, having broken in, I disposed of again for fifteen shillings. I now commenced letting out donkeys, and certainly the plan I adopted was a novel one; when the market people came into town, I used to hire their donkeys at twopence the hour, I paid threepence a day for the use of a bridle and saddle, and then let out my donkeys at a shilling for one hour, and eightpence for two, and if I acted as guide, a shilling for myself.

"By these means I was enabled to contribute mainly towards the support of my family. I continued to save a few shillings, which, added to the amount for which I sold my donkey, made me master of 1l. 9s. Hearing that my uncle, at a place called Manson-farm, had an old donkey and colt to dispose of, I placed this sum in my pocket, and, taking my elder brother with me, went over and offered to become a purchaser; after a good deal of bargaining with my aunt, my uncle not being in the way, she agreed to let me have the two donkeys for 1l. 10s. 6d. In vain I urged that I had not so much by 1s. 6d., she would not abate a farthing; but at length consented to trust me for the remainder. I mounted my new purchase, which I named Poll, and in passing the slaughter-house (for my uncle was a butcher as well as a farmer), I saw a bullock's heart hanging up in it; turning round to my aunt, I said, 'You must make me a present of that heart to take home to my mother.' After some little importunity, I gained my point, and rode home delighted with my good fortune.

"Such as we are made of, such we be."

"I sold old Poll's milk for 15s. per week, and my young one being soon broken in, I thus saved money sufficient to purchase a pony. With my donkeys and pony together, and the hire of others from the market people, I have sometimes made as much as 1l. in a day. To turn my time to the greatest possible account, the evening was employed in selling mutton-pies, which were made at home, and the first batch always drawn at eight o'clock, when, with my basket and a little bell, I used to go round the town. This became a profitable source of trade for some time, my father giving me all the assistance in his power; he had no means of earning a farthing, except in the exercise of the veterinary art, which brought him in scarcely anything.

"One day I was informed that a gentleman living at Budley Salterton had an excellent pony to dispose of, for the sum of 6l., he being about leaving the country. Not having the amount in my possession, I immediately went round among my customers for donkey rides and mutton-pies, and collected little sums due to me, making together, 4l. 10s.; more was wanting, and to borrow it was impossible. I therefore resolved, having a good fatting pig in the sty, to take it to my uncle at Newton Pophelford, a distance of four miles, and solicit him to advance the required sum. I did so, and succeeded in purchasing the pony, for 5l. 10s.; and the rope with which I took the pig to Pophelford served as a halter to bring back the pony. My father and mother were anxiously awaiting my return, and I, as it may be supposed, was delighted with my bargain."

This pony, which he called Poll, proved an excellent purchase. He ran her at the country races, and so successfully, that he was employed to ride a horse for the larger stakes. He was beaten, to be sure, but he so pleased the company that he was called to the carriages and received presents to the amount of 6l. By the day's work he cleared altogether 16l. With this his racing adventures ended, and he became connected with the sea, having been accidentally present at a smuggling transaction, of which he gives a very graphic account.

Although the boy laboured so hard and earned so much, his father was a continual drain upon him, until, wearied with toiling to no purpose, he had half resolved to go to London and try his fortunes there; but love for his family forbade him, and again he became "a farmer boy," the romance of which calling, as dreamed by poets, he thus scares away by a picture of the reality:—

"The plough-boy and cow-boy offices, for a short period respectively filled by myself, have many hardships to endure. He must start from his master's yard long before the break of day, in all weathers, to bring up the herd, and in winter will have to wade through snow knee-deep; and having taken them a-field again at night, gets his measured meal; after which, wet and weary, he retires to his couch, and

in the morning will have to put on probably frozen shoes and stockings. If he goes to plough, should the season be wet or frosty, clods of earth will accumulate about his feet, so that he scarcely knows how to pull one leg after another; and if he is troubled with chilblains, his sufferings are dreadful. I have often thought, how grateful mothers ought to be, whose little ones are not thus compelled to enter upon the early initiation of a laborious life."

Yet do sentimentalists sigh over the miseries of a manufactory! The boy soon quitted this employment, and returned to his donkeys and mutton pies; and so successful was he, that he was enabled in a short time, by dint of industry and economy, to save 23l., which he had destined for the purchase of a horse and trappings, when the never-ceasing wants of his father drained him of 16l. of the hard-earned treasure, which disappointment so vexed him, that he resolved forthwith to adopt his long-cherished design of trying London. His father, to deter him, deprived him of the remainder of his 23l.; but the youth procured the payment of a debt of 12s. from a neighbour, and with this he determined to set off, but first he made his will, thus:—

"B'fore leaving home, as I had something like a stock in trade to leave behind, I requested my mother to write down the following disposition of my property, which she did from my dictation, not being able to write myself.

"1. To my mother, I give old Poll and her colt, the sorrel pony, and harness belonging to each.

"2. To my father, I give my black mare, with bridle and saddle, and everything else belonging to me that is not named in this paper.

"3. To Joel, I give my sow and ten pigs.

"4. To Edward, I give all my fowls.

"5. To Mary, I give my four little store pigs.

"6. To Susan, I give my grey pony.

"7. To William, I give the cropt-eared pony, my racing dress, and the dresses in which I performed Prince of Denmark and the Spanish doctor."

Many a deed done by a great man, to which history points as an example, is not nobler than this passage in the life of the low-born boy. At the age of nine, toiling for himself and for his family, by unwearied industry and brave self-denial accumulating what to him was a fortune; the prize for which he had laboured, the horse and its accoutrements, within his grasp, his father pressed by creditors, the prize abandoned, the father relieved for a while by the generous sacrifice of all the son's savings; the now penniless boy going forth in his glorious self-reliance to hew out a fortune by his own good arm, sound head, and resolute will, bargaining with the waggoner to drive the team part of the way to London; and thither we will follow him, to trace the further progress of a career so creditably commenced.

He found the usual difficulties in procuring employment in the metropolis, where candidates for work are so numerous and employers so coy. All told him he was too young for them, and one tradesman almost insulted him. In less than twelve years he was the master of that shop, and the tradesman was a recipient of his bounty. But we must not anticipate.

He first hired himself as an errand-boy at an ironmonger's, but he soon obtained a better situation at a Mr. Hutchinson's, where he remained for a year, and with his usual economy saved sufficient to purchase a good stock of clothing. Nor was his family forgotten. He procured a place for his brother, whom, though his senior, he watched with almost parental anxiety, and plied with excellent advice.

It was an accident that first directed his thoughts to the pursuit to which his subsequent fortunes are due. Being seized with a severe attack of pleurisy, he obtained, through the recommendation of his master, the gratuitous advice of a Mr. Henderson, a surgeon of considerable practice, who was attracted by the intelligence of the lad, and took delight in gratifying his curiosity by giving him access to his museum, and adding such information as was asked.

But a heavy blow awaited our hero. His health was fast failing, and his medical friend told him that the only chance of recovery was to breathe again his native air. To Sidmouth he returned accordingly, but with a fixed resolution to throw himself once more into the struggle of the busy world should a kind Providence restore the strength of which it had for a time deprived him.

He found things at home changed for the worse since his departure. He was the soul of the family; without him they had no spirit, no energy: even his pets had passed into other hands:—

"Oh! how much was I grieved to find that my pet donkey Poll, which had won so many prizes, was sold to an old fish-woman; my beautiful little mare, to purchase which I had pawned a pig, was also sold; in a word, only two ponies and one donkey remained. The necessities of my family required that I should bear these disappointments patiently. I found my poor father much changed in appearance; he seemed spiritless and heart-broken, and every sigh and every sound awakened in me the most poignant grief. He would sit by the fire all day long, the very image of sorrow, wishing for death to release him. I endeavoured to comfort him, in the best way I could."

But though ill, he would not be idle. He obtained a small pittance by picking saddle stuffing at so much the pound. His own miseries were the least he had to endure; he felt also the afflictions of those about him. What a trial was this!

"On one occasion, when too ill to rise from my bed, my younger sister came to me, at about 10 o'clock in the morning, and weeping, told me that none of them had broken their fast, nor were there any provisions in the house. This intelligence grieved me more than my indisposition; with difficulty I got up, went to my employment, and earned threepence, with which I purchased brand, at the very shop which had belonged to my father, and returned to my couch again."

His health improving, he obtained a situation as letter-carrier from Axminster to Sidmouth, at half a guinea a week, for six weeks. At the expiration of the agreement, he demanded his wages; but was told by his employer, the postmaster, that there was a debt due from his father, and that the wages would be retained to pay it. This was a severe trial for the boy, who "wept with vexation and disappointment." He next hired himself as servant to a Miss Wright, who was visiting Sidmouth, and whose kindness to himself and to his family was unbounded. He now proposed to join his father in a contract for postwork, and his generous mistress, approving the scheme, presented him with 15l. to enable him to carry it out. With this sum he purchased a horse. His duties were very arduous, having to ride nineteen miles every day, and in addition to this severe labour he frequently employed the vacant hours in driving a chaise to Honiton or Yeovil, making his day's travel seventy or eighty miles. But with his wonted prudence he saved a large portion of his earnings, which were considerable, and having accumulated a convenient sum, he resolved to return to London.

At this time he had only reached his sixteenth year, and so much done!

In 1811, he again reached town by the old waggon, and immediately obtained a situation at a baker's. His former friend, Mr. Henderson, welcomed him heartily, and gave him unlimited access to the museum, of which the youth did not fail to avail himself at his leisure moments. But his employment produced a swelling in the side, and he was advised to try sea bathing. He reluctantly went to Brighton, and was engaged by a Mr. Lashmer, where he was well treated, and whose name we copy on account of the good sense exhibited by the mistress of the establishment, and the maxim it illustrates is so truthful that the anecdote deserves to be extracted.

"The first time I put up the bread to take round to my master's customers, I called my mistress, as I had been accustomed to do in London, to take an account of the number of loaves I was about to take out, in order that I might render an account of them upon my return. This she declined doing, stating that if I was disposed to rob my employers, I might do so with apparent impunity. I replied, 'True, madam, but it would be more satisfactory to myself that you should have a check upon me.' 'Young man,' was her reply, 'if disposed to rob us, you can, but there is an all-seeing God will know and see it, although we may not, and punish you for it. Our circumstances are too good to be injured by such an act, yet remember, that should you rob your master, a suspicion I do not entertain, you will rob yourself at the same time, not only of peace of mind, but will incur a fear of punishment in the world to come.' This praiseworthy conduct so affected me, and made so deep an impression upon my mind, that had I been the greatest scoundrel on earth, I believe it would have cured me. I have always acted upon this principle myself, and am bound to think that causeless suspicion makes rogues of many, and an assurance of confidence generally keeps a man honest."

Every word of this has the assent of our judgment as well as of our experience.

So trustworthy was he found, that a widow having a considerable business, a friend of Lashmer's, being in want of a confidential assistant, young Tilke,

though but seventeen, was recommended by his master to the situation. He applied himself diligently to his duties, justified the confidence reposed in him, and gave the utmost satisfaction to his employer. While there, he indulged largely in reading medical books, and acquiring a good deal of general knowledge, which must have been very acceptable in after life. But once more disappointment dogged his steps. Illness deprived him of this situation also; he was sent to an infirmary, reduced to the point of death, recovered slowly, and was sent to try the Bath waters.

He remained in a situation at this city, and afterwards at the Wells at Clifton, for some months. During this interval he pursued his studies, but he complains of the difficulty entailed upon him by the want of early education. One of his best masters was a Quaker, whose pretty daughter fell in love with him, and in this truly Quaker fashion gently told her love:—

"I well remember her saying to me, 'Samuel, my father is very fond of thee; thou art so sober and steady, and so free from the vice of swearing; these are qualities much admired by the Society of Friends, and if thou would'st leave off that whistling and singing of thine, and not attend to those babbling fellows at thy Chapel, my father, as well as myself, would be thy friend.' I had just penetration enough to understand what this and other pleasing innuendos meant; but young love and I had not then become acquainted; besides, I knew that I must 'turn and turn again,' in order to ensure the possession of her hand. She was a most excellent young person, and proved a treasure to the man who made her his wife."

A quarrel and a reconciliation with the good Quaker are amusingly told. They parted because the starched old man "allowed no time for pleasure." He obtained another place, but was knocked down by a run-away horse, and so injured that he was disabled for six months, during which interval he returned to London.

There he obtained a situation at twenty-four shillings per week, out of which he contrived to save eighteen shillings, which, as the fund accumulated, he put out to interest. "A slight knowledge of human nature," he observes, "will prove that when a man is enabled to lay by a small sum, however trifling, the desire to do so increases, which desire makes the possessor provident and careful, thoughtful and frugal." These qualities our autobiographer exhibits in a remarkable degree, and they are the secret of his success. "Carefulness," he truly adds, "is essential to one who has to make his way in the world."

When he had thus scraped together 15*l*. he received a letter from a friend at Bristol, stating that he was imprisoned for debt, and asking aid. With a generosity that reflects upon him the highest credit, young Tilke immediately went to the assistance of his friend, and placing the entire of his savings at his service, and thus procuring his release, was once more penniless.

But virtue such as his never goes unrewarded. While engaged in this office of charity an excellent situation was offered to him at Cheltenham. Thither he trudged on foot; was intrusted with the management of a business; and after a while was enabled to offer his father a post in the same establishment. An amusing incident at this place pleasantly illustrates the absurdity of aping the gentleman.

"On one occasion, Mr. W. had a box order for the theatre presented to him, and as my father had never seen such an exhibition, it was agreed that us three should go. Before going, I cautioned my father not to allow any thing to throw him off his guard; for I feared lest he should come out with some of his broad Devon expressions, and betray that we were not gentlemen. He promised to act upon this advice, and, being equipped in our best, we sallied out. My father was placed between Mr. Watcham and myself, and all went off remarkably well till the after-piece was about commencing, when my father being rather corpulent, and the house very heated, felt uncommonly oppressed and fidgetty. I elbowed him, but it was of no avail; just as the curtain was about to draw up, and the attention of the auditory was arrested, he jumped up from his seat, pushing Mr. Watcham one way, and myself another, exclaiming in a stentorian voice, 'I say, Sam, I can't stand this any longer; let me out, for it is as hot here as at home in our bake-house.' Peals of laughter rose from those who heard him; the cat was let out of the bag, and myself and worthy master would, if possible, have crept into a nut-shell, rather than it should have been discovered that we were only a batch of dough-boys. Our assumed character was gone, and I can say for myself, that I was thoroughly ashamed of having spoiled the gentleman. Such a character I never

assumed but once after, when I resolved that I would never again be any other than plain Samuel Westcott Tilke."

He remained at Cheltenham for two years, and there found a wife. He narrates with most interesting naïveté the history of his courtship. Anxious to settle, he resolved to commence business on his own account. He repaired to London, took a shop in Goswell-street, returned to Cheltenham to claim his bride, and, as he says, was happy in his choice: she has proved that priceless treasure—a good wife.

It will be remembered that he had been somewhat scurvily treated by a baker to whom he had applied for employment when a lad. To this man he now went, and bought the very business from whose door he had been rejected, transferring his first purchase to his brother Joel.

While his trade was flourishing he turned his attention to the production of artificial yeast, the first invention of which is due to his researches. He contemplated a patent; but his secret was accidentally discovered, and instead of profit, he gained little by his discovery than the hostility of the trade.

Still the shop continued to thrive. In a few months the weekly consumption of flour advanced from twelve to eighty sacks per week. His plans for conducting the business may advantageously be studied by others embarking in the trade.

"With my increase of business, I also adopted a plan to secure and encourage ready money payments, which I found exceedingly useful, as it prevented many a long bill in quarters, where, perhaps, I might have waited more than long for the settlement; I should state, however, that I excepted the customers I found upon taking the business, and applied it to those only who commenced with me. My plan was this: I charged three different prices for the same article: those who paid for their bread before taking it out of the shop paid the least; those who had it taken home and paid for it on delivery, paid a half-penny more; and those to whom I gave credit paid an additional penny. The carrying out this plan offended many persons in the trade, but it answered well; the poor generally paid ready money, and of course had their bread at the lowest price. Were I to commence business again, I would act upon the same principle. I have heard it said, that it is the rule in some trades to make those who pay well make up for such as pay badly; if it be so, no system of business can be conducted on principles more base."

His success aroused the jealousy of the trade, and the most extraordinary measures were taken by his rivals to ruin his reputation. They circulated rumours that he adulterated his flour, and he was compelled in self-defence to resort to the law for protection. He obtained a verdict and damages from one, and apologies from others, and eventually triumphed over all his enemies.

In the midst of his profitable avocations Tilke did not intermit his medical studies; he pursued them with the more ardour as he acquired the means of instruction. He prescribed for the poor, and for many friends who had faith in his good sense. By degrees he obtained a kind of fame for cures he had accomplished, and strangers came to him, whom he advised without remuneration. In the treatment of gout specially he was singularly successful, and he even entered into controversies with medical men upon this subject, and sometimes his strong natural sense was too much for their book learning, as is not unfrequently the case. At length his passion for medicine conquered even his love of saving; he resolved, after some struggles, to relinquish his very profitable business, and devote himself entirely to the art of healing, although not duly licensed to do so, and therefore subjected to the title of *quack*, which the profession are not slow to affix to every interloper not regularly qualified to kill. At this point of his narrative we leave him; in the possession of an independence, procured by unwearied industry and economy, which he has since increased to wealth by equal success in curing diseases as attended his baking of loaves.

We cannot part from this autobiography without pointing the moral. Mr. Tilke owes his prosperity, as this brief abstract of his career will shew, to good sense combined with industry and energy. The same qualities that have made him a prosperous gentleman, under circumstances the most adverse, will secure still more splendid results to those who start from a better vantage-ground, as would all of those by whom this sketch is likely to be read. It is because we esteem the history of his early life an example of what may be achieved by self-

reliance, by prudence, and by integrity, that we have devoted to it so much more space than *THE CRITIC* can usually apply to one volume. In the hope that the lesson may not be wholly lost upon our youthful readers, we close Mr. Tilke's volume without criticising its literary merits, which are respectable, because it is the substance, and not the style, that gives worth to such a book as this.

#### VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

*Heath's Picturesque Annual. The American in Paris during the Summer, being a companion to the "Winter in Paris."* By M. JULES JANIN. Illustrated by eighteen engravings, from designs by M. Eugene Lami. London, 1843. Longman and Co.

THERE are few patrons of the Annuals, indeed few readers, who will not remember the "*Winter in Paris*," which formed the theme of "*Heath's Picturesque Annual*" for last Christmas. The combination of art and literature—the art illustrative of scenes interesting to every eye, the literature, descriptive of Paris as it is; the former, by one of the most mirthful sketchers of the age, the latter by the most lively story-teller of the time, combined to attract to this annual a notice and a patronage such as few of its class enjoyed, and therefore we think the proprietor has done wisely in pursuing the path then so successfully begun, and serving up another pleasant feast for eye and mind, gathered from the inexhaustible mine of the metropolis of France.

The engravings in this volume, which make its substantial worth, are reviewed elsewhere. In this place we limit our notice of it to the productions of the right pleasant pen of Jules Janin. And in the very third page of his preface we light upon a passage which we must extract. The argument would be scarcely less applicable to London:—

#### SUMMER IN PARIS.

"If the Parisian winter is, *par excellence*, the season for brilliant fêtes, on the other hand, a summer in Paris, one single summer, will acquaint you, better than ten winters, with the hundred thousand little revolutions which the city undergoes on certain days of the year. Paris in the summer is the city in repose; she forgets the labours of her country and her ambition that she may afterwards remember them with more joy; she yields her self—happy creature!—to a calmer existence, to less ardent passions. The most untamed go to a distance, to the Pyrenees, to the Alps, or to the borders of the sea, to seek in the chances of travelling, in the violent emotions of the *trente et quarante*, through the burning accidents of the month of August, something which resembles the winter in Paris. But the Parisian, who is wise, and worthy of being a Parisian, remains quietly in Paris; there he profits by the space which is left him, he possesses himself of all these noises, of all this silence, for his single use. To him alone—now that the rest of the city has set out—to him alone belongs this rich capital of the world, from the palace of the king to the royal library; to him belong all the paintings, all the books, all which constitutes art and poetry. He reigns in interregnum. For him alone the Opera sings and dances; for him alone the Theatre Français invents its comedies; for him the street music fills the air with its rustic melodies; for him the railroads are filled each morning with their powerful flame. The jets d'eau of Versailles, and the fountains of Saint Cloud, and the rural fêtes beneath the old village elm, are all for him. There is not a flower which he may not pluck, not a piece of ice from last winter which has not been preserved for his use, not a scarf, not a straw hat from Italy, not a pretty, ingenious countenance of which the model-Parisian does not have the first sight; not a little love song or drinking song which the poet and the musician have not composed for this pacha of the beautiful days of June, July, and September. Travellers from all countries, travellers from the depth of Russia with its brilliant fêtes, Englishmen who have quitted their green meadows, Scotchmen from the banks of the Tweed, our Irish brothers, who abandon, at its most exciting moment, your Emerald Isle; and you the lovely black-eyed Italians, Italians from Naples; you the fair Italians from Milan or from Florence; you also, the daughters of Germany, the dreamers, the imaginative beings who seek the ideal upon the earth . . . and in the sky; what do you intend to do in Paris these sunny days? what do you come to seek in these profound solitudes? 'We come,' say they, 'when all the false Parisians are absent, that we may observe and admire more closely the true Parisian of Paris.'"

He who sets forth on his travels of discovery in such a mood as this could scarcely fail to find amusement and instruction every where, and, in sooth, they so abound in this volume, that our greatest perplexity is what to choose. The subjects, we see,



are not treated after any arranged plan; they are taken up, sketched, and thrown aside, as they chance to cross the author's path in his walks about town, and therefore, we must be content to adopt the same easy fashion, and to cater for our readers and illustrate the author, by throwing together whatever passages have most smitten us upon perusal, and which suit our restricted space.

How graphic is this cabinet picture of

#### PARIS.

"Paris may well be called the good city, for however little a traveller may be prepossessed in its favour, yet when once he has penetrated some of these elegant mysteries, it is not without a certain anguish of heart, that he resolves to leave it. In this vast world of Paris, there is every thing to know, every thing to learn, every thing to guess. The whole history of France and its different provinces is enclosed within these formidable walls. He who was thoroughly acquainted with the great city of Charlemagne and of Napoleon, would be, at the same time, the wisest antiquarian, the greatest politician, and the best poet in the universe. His book would be at once, a poem equal to the *Iliad* of Homer, a comedy worthy of the master-pieces of Molière, and a romance so wonderful, that even the *Gil Blas* of Lesage could not be compared to it. Imagine yourself placed upon some high mountain, when the whole of France displays itself before you. At first your dazzled eyes perceive only an assemblage of confused and boundless grandeur;—the Alps, the mountains of Auvergne, the gloomy forests, the Cevennes, the Pyrenees, are only the ramparts of this kingdom, of which Paris is the centre. Rivers descend from these well loved mountains, the Loire and the Garonne, the Saône, and the Rhone; and they flow here and there, spreading around them fertility and abundance. By degrees, this confused mass of inestimable wonders assumes a certain form; by degrees, each province detaches itself from this vast whole, and turns towards Paris, from which it waits, not without a secret trembling, the mighty impulse. First, we see Brittany, a country entirely Gallic, which has given to France many a bold and brave defender, many a celebrated philosopher; Duguesclin, Latour d'Auvergne, Abbeard, her greatest poet Chateaubriand, and her most terrible revolutionary M. de Lamennais. You recognise the rude province by her rude language, her old names of the ancient nobility, her faithfulness to the creeds of former days, the austerity of her manners, her indignant pride. She remembers her battles, she recalls all her griefs. She has taken centuries to learn the little of modern language which she has consented to speak. At the same time impelled towards Paris by that immense power which urges every thing to the centre, present themselves in succession, Anjou, the country of the Plantagenets, who have given so many kings to England; Poitou, the vast field of battle, traversed by Clovis, by Charles Martel, and the Black Prince; Champagne, the country of Turenne;—Auvergne, which gave birth to the two Arnolds, and the lofty mountains of which still remember Pascal. In its turn comes the South to salute the great capital; and you should see how prostrate Toulouse and Bordeaux falls before Paris. You recognise Provence by its festive appearance, the flowers which compose its garland, the wit and poetry by which it is surrounded. It is, in fact, the cradle of all the poetry of the French nation. From the twelfth century, the Provençal troubadours have been celebrated throughout Europe; they remodelled the language which they found; rebellious as it was, they forced it to obey certain laws, certain harmonious rules, which practical good sense dictated to them. There also, more than one great orator has commenced his career. Massillon was a Provençal; Cardinal Maury was a Provençal; and Mirabeau, the great leveller, whence did he appear, armed with such passions and such vengeance? He sprang, as did M. Thiers, from the depths of Provence! Such are the men sent to Paris, by the rest of France, as soon as their genius has developed itself. Of such choice minds, gathered from all parts of the kingdom, is the Parisian city composed. The city belongs to each and to all; few are born there, all pass through it, not one remains in it. Thus Dauphiny has sent to Paris Condillac, and Admiral Lalande. You may think these taxes and tributes difficult to pay, and yet they are paid by every part of France. Next you behold Lyons, remembering the Romans; and Burgundy, the country of Saint Bernard, of Bossuet, of Buffon, of Bichat the physiologist, of M. de Lamarck; and Champagne, the home of the Villardousins, of the sires de Joinville, of Cardinal de Retz. And that province worthy of being a kingdom, the subject of such inexhaustible history, Normandy, the country of so many wise legislators, so many brave soldiers, so many husbandmen. To grateful France, Normandy has given the great Corneille, Flanders has given her Froissart and Philippe de Comines! Where will you find a more extensive prospect! Where a more beautiful sight! The Seine, that river celebrated among all the rivers of the world, would, of itself, suffice for contemplation during a whole

year. Who can tell all the activity, all the labour, all the poetry of this great river; all the land that this water fertilizes; all the flocks that it nourishes; all the fruits and the flowers; all the old castles and modern houses, which it gently lulls by the sound of its undulating wave? Who can tell the thousand arms that it puts in motion, all the wheat that it crushes under the mill-stone, the wool which it converts into cloth, the iron of which it makes ploughs and swords, and the trades which are incessantly pursued in its industrious billows? On its passage, and in proportion as it needs more strength, the noble river summons to its aid other powerful rivers, the Marne and the Oise, and thus it reaches Paris triumphantly, like those great men of whom we have just spoken. The Seine is the pride of Paris. The city has banished her most beautiful houses to a distance, the better to see its course, she beholds herself in its waters, she plants the finest trees upon its shores, she builds magnificent bridges above this flood, which passes to a distance with regret. From Paris to Havre the river flows in triumph; every one salutes it when it passes; every one blesses it. The cities, the villages, the sunny islands, the clocks which sound the *angelus*, the herds, the boatmen, the husbandmen, the soldiers, follow with a tender look the mysterious and solemn river, which is about to carry beyond the ocean, to the most distant shores of America, *Pidée Française*.

"Paris, then, is the history of all the provinces, of all the men, of all the passions of France. There universal wit and genius have taken refuge. Between the porches of Notre Dame and the court of the Sainte Chapelle has sprung up all the scepticism, all the citizen-like good sense, which preside over the nineteenth century, after having shaken and thoroughly overturned the eighteenth. Do you ask what wonderful minds Paris has produced? It has raised them all to its own attainments; but beside this, it has produced him who may be called French genius *par excellence*,—the comic poet, the profound philosopher the ever laughing, and yet serious, Molière; besides Molière, it has given you Voltaire: ask no more. All the other Parisians, strictly speaking, even those who are born in Paris, re-assume, more or less, the particular genius of some one of the provinces of France. For instance, D'Alembert, the head of the *Encyclopædia*; D'Anville, the geographer; Saint Foix, the antiquarian; Bachaumont, the half crazy poet; Bailey, the astronomer; Despreaux, with his good sense and satire; Bouhours, the wit under the waving robe of the Jesuit; Charles Lebrun, the painter of Louis the Great and Alexander the Great; the clever Guillaume Budé; Marivaux, the historian of the fashionable world of the Regency; Nicolas Catinaut, with his courage, simplicity, and virtue; Chardin, the traveller to Persia; Pierre Charron, the friend of Montaigne; La Chaussée, the Thespis of the weeping drama; the well-known avocat, Henri Cochin;—these are so many children of Paris, born in the midst of the Parisian city; but, nevertheless, not one of these celebrated men has the purely Parisian genius; there is not one whom it would not be easy to place in some province of France. They were born in Paris by chance, and because one must be born somewhere, but the only thoroughly Parisian geniuses are Molière and Voltaire, each placed at the two extremities of French art. Besides, how few Parisians there are in Paris! how few even amongst the princes and kings of the French monarchy are born in Paris! The Prince de Condé, however, was born in Paris; the witty Prince de Conti, the schoolfellow of Molière, was born in Paris; the other princes of the house of Bourbon were born at Versailles, at Fontainebleau, at Saint Germain, at Saint Cloud, at Bellevue, even at Palermo, in the kingdom of Sicily, every where except in Paris. In point of Parisians, you have the three Coppel, and Madame Desboulrières, a charming Parisian of the Place Royale; and Dorat, the coxcomb, with too much wit; and Pierre de l'Etoile, the historian of the reign of Henry the Third; and the clever family of the Estiennes, Robert, Henri, Charles, Robert-Etienne, Henry-Etienne, the celebrated printers; true Parisians these, workmen of Paris, scholars of the Sorbonne, and the University of France. The worthy friend of Fenelon, the Abbé Fleury, was a Parisian; the king's very witty valet-de-chambre Dufresny, who so loved flowers, extravagance, and the fine arts, Dufresny was born in Paris, and what is better still, he died there, regardless of his poverty. Jean Goujon, the worthy rival of the best Florentine sculptors; Helvetius, one of those empty reputations of which so many are made in Paris; Houdard de la Motte, the lyric poet, as well as J. B. Rousseau, the Pindar of the great age, were so many children of Paris. Place also upon your list those names worthy of all our sympathy and respect; La Harpe, the useful author of the *Cours de Littérature*; M. de Lamoignon, the honour of the ancient parliament; M. de Malesherbes, the defender of King Louis XVI., who was worthy to die the death of his royal client; Lancelot, the most artistic and clever man of Port Royal des Champs; Lavoisier, the great chemist, to whom Robespierre's executioners would not grant

eight days' respite, that he might finish some experiments which he had commenced; Ninon de Lenclos, the coquettish problem, of whom so many impossible fables are told, which are simply true; and the Marchioness de Lambert. But enough of this—again I repeat that, strictly speaking, in all this assemblage of clever minds and strong wills, there are but two real Parisians; two men, who could never have been born or died in any other city—Molière and Voltaire, the author of the *Tartuffe*, and the author of the *Essai sur les Mœurs*; the one, the best, the most devoted, and the most simple of men; the other, the most bitter, the most licentious, and the most treacherous of wits. The former, simple in his life, a kind, benevolent man, seeking the vices of his fellows, only to correct them by ridicule; the latter, brutal, malicious, sarcastic, and exulting whenever he could throw in the face of the human species, all the sting of his mind, all the venom of his heart. The first, who employs the foolish or serious, but comparatively innocent, scenes of comedy; the second, who knows only of violence, wounds, bites, and stabs, and who would be very sorry if he corrected the smallest vice, without substituting in its place some hideous monstrosity. Molière, always serious, even in his most foolish scenes; Voltaire, always a clown, a cruel, pitiless clown, even in the boldest ferocities. Molière who pardons, Voltaire who is merciless; Molière, who dares to attack religious hypocrisy, the most shameful and dreadful of hypocrites; Voltaire, the cowardly and insolent poet, who knows nothing better than to cover with mud and dirt, in a poem full of licence, scandal, and blasphemy, the young girl who defended and saved France, the *Maid of Orleans*.

"And this is the city which I imagined I had seen, studied, and un-ers ool! Really, because I had described some of its features in two or three hundred pages, I fancied myself a great politician, a profound observer, a learned antiquarian. Fool that I was!"

Spite of its length, we must present our readers with a portrait of an extraordinary character, *Euphrasine Thérénin*:—

"There recently died, in a lone house of an obscure street at Fontainebleau, a wretched woman, nearly a hundred years old: this woman lived on brown bread and unwholesome water, and was covered with tatters. The rivulet of the street became more muddy when she ventured to cross it, the smell of the sewer more poisonous. It was dreadful to see the abominable creature, thus crawling along in the filthy attire of the most abject avarice. Her house was not a house, but a fortress, built of freestone, cemented by iron plates; for in it were contained immense riches. There this miserable being, with whom neither alms nor charity had any thing in common either to give or receive, had heaped not only gold, diamonds, and pearls, but the choicest furniture, the most exquisite marbles, the rarest paintings, the most charming masterpieces of every art. The smoky hole in which this woman on Sunday cooked her food for the whole week, contained the finest and most delicate chef-d'œuvre of the Flemish masters—the Dutch enchanter, the joyous fairs of Téniers, the elegant scenes of Van den Berg, the whims, caprices, and beautiful countenances of Gerard Dow; more than one simple and whimsical drama of Jan Steen's, more than one beautiful heir of Paul Potter's, more than one fresh and glowing landscape of Hobbins's, more than one sweetly lighted forest of Cuypp's or Ruysdael's!"

"These beautiful works, which had been the ornaments of the palaces of Marly, of the great and little Trianon, or at least of the galleries in the Palais Royal, were dying for want of air and sun. Smoke, cold, and time, which consumes every thing, overpowered with their formidable tints the splendid colours which but lately had rivalled the wonders of creation. So that the stupid rage of this woman crushed at pleasure the joy of the future, the glory of past generations, the ornament of the present time. In her fits of ill humour, or shameful abuse! the horrible old woman struck with her abominable foot these delicate gems of the fine arts; she treated them as she would have treated lovely, chattering children, as if she could have heard, for her delight, their groans and sobs. How many did she break! what numbers did she destroy! Did she want a board to hold her breakfast of onions, she made a table of some pannel of Watteau's; did she want a piece of copper to mend her saucapan, she took a little painting of Vandyke's. The rarest cloth served her to mend the tapestry which hung on the poisonous walls. The same abuse was found in the smallest details. The mug from which the toothless hag drank her cold milk weakened by dirty water, was nothing less than a beautiful porcelain vase of the Sevres manufacture, on which was yet visible, though cracked, the noble and beautiful likeness of the Queen Marie Antoinette. Oh, profanation! that such a mouth should touch the edge of the lipid vase on which had rested the soft lips of the greatest and most lovely woman in the world! Such was the frightful and starting confusion of this house. A dirty apron, stained with the blood of some unhappy pigeon fallen in this dwelling, ignominiously concealed the richest laces, magnificent remnants from the small apart-

ments at Versailles; a golden spoon, graven with the arms of a Montmorency or a Crillon, was put into a wooden porriager. When the bag returned to her hole, she extended her limbs upon the gilt sofas which she had bought at the revolutionary auctions; she placed her half-broken *sabots* upon marble brackets; she looked at her wrinkles in the finest Venetian glasses; she covered her hair with a greasy hood, but round this frayed cap she hung, in derision, pearls large enough to be envied by the princesses of the blood royal. Around her, all was gold and dirt, purple and the coarsest cloth, the finest art and the commonest utensils. She put her vinegar in cut glass, and frightened away the bold flies that rested upon her forehead with a fan that Greuze himself had signed. Her bed, or rather her pallet, was covered with the richest brocades; the straw upon which the monster sought sleep was inclosed in embroidered velvet; but sleep did not come—remorse took its place. During the sad nights the life of the miserable creature unrolled itself before her—her life of luxury and fêtes, of vices and crimes, of shameless profligacy—for she had even put profligacy to the blush. A melancholy dream was her's, and sad was every waking! Dr. Ams carried her through an endless turmoil, in which mingled blows and caresses, good fortune and misery, brown bread and Champagne. At the same time, to amuse her for a moment, to draw from her a smile (always in her dream), she had at her service poets, who sang loudly of woe and love; she had at her table hungry philosophers, who attempted to shew that Providence was an idle name; she surrounded herself with men whose aim it was to prove that the soul was not immortal. It was to amuse such women that Voltaire wrote *Candide*; that J. J. Rousseau, the simple orator, told the melancholy story of *Saint Preux* and *Héloïse*; without reckoning young Crébillon, who every morning placed upon madame's toilette his little page of wickedness and vice.

"Thus she lived on the purse of some, the license of others, the impurity of all. Miserly among the spendthrifts, skilful and prudent among the dissipated, the sole desire of this depraved creature was to enrich herself with the spoils and sophisms of all these men. She swallowed up every thing; she was like the north sea, in which nothing re-appears after a shipwreck. Thus, in the great shipwreck of former times, she alone survived. She saw all her admirers, one after the other, depart for the scaffold or for exile; they left without a louis in their pockets, a coat upon their backs, or a hat upon their heads, and yet it never occurred to her to lend them so much as her coachman's cloak. She saw crawling to the baker's door those whose husbands she had ruined by her extravagance; and for these poor, weak, emaciated beings she had not even a piece of black bread! Even in 1792, this woman could think of counting the money in her strong box! Even in 1793, when distracted kings listened to the noise of the falling axe, she counted her gold! She was accumulating heap upon heap! She went round the scaffolds to collect the last garments of the victims; she entered the deserted houses to buy, for a mere nothing, the spoils of the absent masters. She would not trust land, even to buy it cheap, for land is faithful, and often returns to its owners; but she trusted gold, which is a vagabond and a traitor like herself! It was her delight to carry off to her closet the beautiful ornaments and master-pieces of former days, and to insult them in her own fashion. This was her way of revenging herself upon those good ladies who would have washed their hands immediately if they had happened, in passing, to touch the cloak of this despised creature."

Her death is thus powerfully described:—

"But at last this woman is dead; she died alone in her remorse,—without one charitable hand to close her eyes, without the voice of a priest to impart to her any instruction. Her agony was silent and terrible, the agony of a venomous being who has no longer any thing to bite. During the ninety-two years that she had been upon the earth, this woman had found no one person and no one thing to love or to help; not a child or an old man, not a poor nor a wretched woman, not an innocence nor a virtue. And so, in dying, she left nothing to any one but her strong and powerless curse. All those treasures of art, which would have formed the pride of the noblest mansions, she had broken; all the masterpieces of the greatest painters and sculptors she had annihilated; her gold she had melted; her notes of the Bank of France she had burned. What would she not have given to have been able to take with her her land and her house? Or, at least, if she could have cut down the trees in her garden, destroyed the hope of the next autumn, crushed in their nests the eggs of the singing birds, poisoned the fish in her ponds! If she could have set fire to her crops, and hers—if disappeared in the flames! But she had hoped to live longer, and now she had no breath to light the spark which would have devoured all.

"It was necessary to break open the door to find the corpse, which was stretched upon the ground, where it had lain some days; a volume was by her side;

it was the poem in which Voltaire covers with slander the sainted Joan of Arc, the purest and most heroic glory of the history of France. The last rattle of the depraved woman was a blasphemy.

"She was thrown into a hole, away from consecrated ground, and upon the dishonoured pit was found, written in a bold hand, this funeral oration—'Here lies the courtesan who has dishonoured even her own trade.' Oh that this woman may be the last of such a character!"

A specimen of Janin's graver moods will interest:—

"In point of revolutions and revolutionaries, the dangerous man is not he who talks and agitates; it is not he who openly lavishes his slander and his insult; it is not he who uses the poison and the dagger; it is not the demoniac in the newspaper, or the fanatic in the tribune; these are well known; people know how to defend themselves from them; to oppose them there are the king's attorneys, the gendarmes; they may be imprisoned or bribed; at the worst, they can be let alone. But the others, the revolutionaries, who respect the law, the eloquent men whose speech is as ingenious as it is high-sounding and impassioned, the faithful subjects who, under pretence of shaking the throne, in order to rouse the king from his lethargy, plunge into the same abyss both throne and monarch. All these revolutionaries, whom no one suspects, and who do not themselves know the full power of their minds, these are the formidable ones, depend upon it."

We conclude with two sketches of living statesmen, which will interest every reader.

#### GUIZOT.

"To be able to form a just idea of the power of these men over the fine youths of the restoration, who lent to them such attentive ears,—you must have heard them; for their lessons written out in haste, like the analyses which have been made of them, bear no resemblance to their speech,—so animated, so warm, and which exhibited so strongly all the marks of sincerity and conviction. M. Guizot, for instance, reached the pulpit with a firm and somewhat solemn step. At his appearance, the restless and agitated crowd became silent; he began to speak immediately and without hesitating, his voice was clear and short, he was authoritative and cutting in his discourse, his sentences were abrupt, but little flowery, and often wanting in elegance, but what was lost in elegance, was gained in power and energy. The person of the orator answered exactly to his discourse. It was the proud, dull look, which only sparkled at rare intervals, like fire concealed beneath the ashes. It was the sombre hue which nothing alters, neither joy, nor melancholy, nor the pride of triumph, nor the vexation of defeat. It was the broad, intelligent forehead, upon which were exhibited none of the passions of the inner man. In this ancient Sorbonne, which had defended with armed hand the holy purity of the Romish doctrines; in this religious echo, which still remembered confusedly, but not without emotion and respect, so many eminent doctors of the Sorbonne, defenders, executioners, and martyrs of the Romish faith; M. Guizot, the Protestant, was animated with an indescribable feeling of triumph, which, in such a spot, formed a large part of his eloquence. It was a source of great delight to him that he should be permitted to speak aloud between the two statues of Fénelon and Bossuet, opposite the likeness of Massillon and Pascal; that he, the convinced child of Luther, should give such a contradiction to the *Histoire des Variations*! And, as in this vast city of Paris, every one is acquainted with all that regards these heroes of the mind;—people knew that M. Guizot was poor, that he had fallen under the displeasure of the monarchy, to which, while yet young, he had given the most loyal proofs of his devotedness and his zeal. It was said that he had an old mother, a matron of primitive times, of great tenderness, and inflexible duty, whose life was modelled from the Bible, and that before this old mother he knelt every evening, saying to her, 'Bless me!' It was known that he, with his wife, who was a clever woman, passed night and day in earning a livelihood by literary labours, accepting all that was offered,—articles to write in the newspapers, the *Memoires de l'Histoire d'Angleterre* to arrange, the bad translation of Shakspeare by Latourneur, to be revised, corrected, and explained. Madame Guizot rectified, with admirable patience, the misconstructions and grammatical faults of Latourneur, whilst her husband wrote at the head of all Shakspeare's tragedies, short prefaces, which are masterpieces of penetration and good sense. A melancholy occupation, say you, for such a man, for such a politician, who was one day to hold in his hands the destinies of France and of a revolution? A melancholy occupation, to be on hire to M. Ladvocat, the bookseller! But what could be done? The greatest comic poet of ancient Rome was glad to turn a mill-stone in order to live! Thus all admired M. Guizot for his modest and laborious life; his patience was taken for resignation; he was valued for what he dared to say in his course, and above all, for what he did not say. In a word, he was loved like a man who shews

you only half his thoughts; for since torture has been abolished, all agree that this is the greatest punishment which can be imposed upon him who writes or speaks. Indeed, even to the religious conviction of M. Guizot, even to that belief which was not the Romish belief, there was nothing in him which the youth of the Sorbonne did not admire. Ah! you wish these young people to be Catholics. Ah! you would bring back the Jesuits to Saint Acheul, and you would re-establish the Sorbonne. Ah! you would forcibly expel by every means, even by the eloquence of M. Lamennais, Voltairian scepticism! Well! you shall see what a contradiction we can give you. We will attack you on your most sensitive point; we will applaud, not doubt, but schism; not only will we deny as strongly as possible the religious belief of the house of Bourbon, but we will honour, in every conceivable way, the Protestantism of M. Guizot. And really these young men, in their rage for opposition, were clever to reason thus, for there was one man, whom the French clergy hated still more than Voltaire, and that man was Luther. But who would have said at that time, and when the restoration—aroused at last, but too late—closed the course of M. Guizot, that this Protestant, applauded in open Sorbonne, because he was a Protestant, would one day become Minister of Public Instruction of the French kingdom, just like the Bishop of Hermopolis?

"Let us turn to the other orator, to the other minister of public instruction, M. Villemain. The latter exhibited in a far greater degree than his colleague all the freedom of a man whose principal concern was to breathe classic air, and who troubled himself but little about the future, so sure was he that Latin and Greek, and beautiful Ciceronian periods, would not fail him for the rest of his life. M. Villemain was, if you please, a man in the opposition, but by no means violent in his feelings; on the contrary, he was one of those cautious opposers who can to-morrow, without meanness, advocate ministerial measures. Far from being isolated, like M. Guizot, and given up to barren labours, M. Villemain had around him to love, protect, and defend him, some of the powerful journals, a part of the Council of Public Instruction, the whole Academy, all the graces of his speech, all the fascinations of his mind. The public had long been accustomed to love him; for, from his first success, at the university to his first success at the French Academy, from his beautiful translation of Cicero's *Republic*, happily reformed, to his formal opposition to M. de Villele, M. Villemain had been without intermission the hero—what do I say?—the spoilt child of popular favour. And yet more, what had been done for General Foy had just been done for him, a national subscription had been made to recompense him for a dismission, warmly given, at the very moment when the greatest minds in France separated from the old monarchy. Thus supported by all which constitutes power, M. Villemain cannot in any way be compared, for credit and position, with M. Guizot; for in proportion as the latter stood alone, poor and without support, just so the former was surrounded by encouragement and powerful friendships. The one, out of his pulpit, had much difficulty in ranking amongst those rare ideologists who have since become the *doctrinaires*, and of whom he is now the sovereign master; the other, on the contrary, was the mind, the speech, the counsel, sometimes even the energetic and lively style, of this opposition, which was already mistress within and without, and which finished by becoming the revolution of July, ten years later.

"Imagine that on some Monday, on one of those grey, dull frosts in the December of a Parisian winter, the neighbourhood of the Sorbonne is filled with an unusual crowd; people run from all parts of the city, in all kinds of costume, some on foot, some in carriages, for amongst the impatient and shivering multitude, the prince of the blood must wait till the doors are open, as well as the student of one year's standing. At eleven o'clock, the immense court of the Sorbonne is filled; at twelve, the doors are opened. In a moment, the vast hall is entirely occupied; they push and jostle each other; the least space on the oak seats is eagerly disputed; the crowd choose that the doors should remain open, and those who arrive late are kept at the foot of the staircase, only too happy to seize on their passage, some of those powerful vibrations which announce the presence of the master. At the appointed hour, and by a certain entrance, which is, like all the rest, obstructed by numbers,—a man creeps with great difficulty, and makes his way to the pulpit amidst a thunder of applause; he takes his seat in any thing but an elegant posture, generally he crosses his right leg over his left; he leans his head upon his shoulder, like many of the great men of antiquity. But let us wait,—he will soon raise his head, his animated look will run over the attentive crowd, his speech will become as animated as his look, and suddenly, the first hesitation passed, you must prepare to follow the orator, in the most impetuous caprices of his thought. Ah! what a wonderful literary labyrinth, what a bold mixture of the soundest sense and the wildest flights of imagination! An admirable collection of philoso-



phy, history, and literature, in which the most different geniuses, the most opposite talents, are found blended and confused with incredible skill; Bossuet, by the side of Saurin, Shakspeare by the side of Molière, the *Télémaque* of Fenelon by the side of the *Utopia* of Sir Thomas More. And through the thousand flowery labyrinths of his thought, it was curious to see how this man contrived to make use of present literature; to summon to the aid of the ancients, whose mighty power and energy he proclaimed, the contemporary works which he subjected without remorse to his ironical analysis. You should have seen with what enthusiasm, and at the same time with what good sense, he spoke of the old master-pieces, which he made one love; of the great writers, whom he surrounded with respect, and how he made the youthful assembly support every thing, even the praises of Louis XIV. Thus you would follow him, in the literary history of the three great centuries to which Francis I. gave the signal. The auditors of this animated professor would, in imitation of him, pass from Montaigne and Rabelais to Madame de Sévigné and La Fontaine, from Saint Evremont and Fontenelle to Montesquieu and Massillon, until he has suddenly stopped before J. J. Rousseau and Voltaire, to whose cause he has not been false, even in open Sorbonne, any more than in open Sorbonne, M. Guizot has been false to the cause of Melancthon and Luther!"

But we might go on in this manner until we had extracted half the volume, so much tempting material is offered by every page we turn. In justice to the proprietor we pause here, confident that we have adduced more than sufficient proof of the interest of this unique annual, and that no further recommendation than is contained in the passages in which we preferred to let it speak for itself. We could not have pleaded for it half so eloquently.

#### SCIENCE.

*The Sources of Physical Science; being an Introduction to the study of Physiology through Physics.* By ALFRED SMEE, Esq., F.R.S. London, 1843. Renshaw.

IN our summary of last month, we expressed our conviction that our task in the matter of science would be a grateful one, and that we had nothing to fear in that respect, at least from a comparison with other lands. In the work now before us we have as strong a confirmation of our opinion as we could possibly have wished, and a far stronger one than we could expect. If originality of ideas and close reasoning on intricate points, hitherto much neglected and overlooked, be of any value, we have both here in an eminent degree. Mr. Smeé having brought a master-mind and genius to bear upon matters demanding such qualifications in their investigation, he sets out with the proposition that "man being composed of the material and immaterial of body and soul can have no distinct idea of anything not partaking of the properties of his own constitution. He can form no conception of matter without that which gives it properties, nor can he understand that which gives it properties without matter. He next proceeds to a definition of matter, a subject which has hitherto been involved in much obscurity, and in consequence very unsatisfactorily developed. By defining matter as that which attracts, and, allowing attraction to be the test of matter, we are promised an obviation of all difficulty; and the author, proceeding on this simple basis, is led to the following conclusions, which we find conveniently added in a tabular form at the end of the work, and are here presented to our readers:—

"Matter is matter, and exists solely by the will of God. Matter is made up of finite particles, or atoms; a series constituting number, and the study of number, arithmetic.

Particles of matter attracted together, gave rise to—	Form, Volume, Composition, Cohesion, Adhesion, Position.
Peculiarity in the direction of attraction, produces—	Crystallisation, Polarity, Magnetism.
Attraction acting on attracted matter causes—	Tension, a tendency for action. Force, a capacity for action.
Force, by destroying the attractions of attracted matter, exhibits—	Galvanic phenomena, Electric do. Electro-magnetic do. Motion, Disintegration, Decomposition.

The results of force in consequence of the resistance of old or previously existing attractions, produce the phenomena called

Time, Heat, Light, Sound, Odour.

These latter being the result of force, exhibit—

The effects of force generally; and therefore capacity for the destruction of attractions.

Although we have thus hastily quoted the conclusion, it must not be imagined that all which lies between the beginning and the end of this work is either unprofitable or uninteresting; on the contrary, there are few pages which do not contain something of interest, not only to the student of physical science, but also to the general reader, and especially to those who delight in not resting content with a knowledge of terms too often unmeaning, which to the more profound mind convey the idea of standing in the relation of proximate principles, when compared with the ultimate analysis of this or of any other science which is sure to be a nearer approach to truth.

As an illustration of the manner in which our author treats his subjects, we have selected a few passages from the 4th chapter, which is occupied by the sciences of action and reaction, and contains the consideration of time, heat, light, sound, and odour. He says,

"We have now fully described the conditions and states which masses of matter take on by virtue of the power of the particles of matter to manifest the act of attraction. We have, moreover, discussed the various manners in which those former attractions may be overcome by some new attractions being set up. We have already had occasion to notice how former attractions might be an impediment to the exertion of new attractions, but we have now particularly to consider all those sciences which depend upon the opposition to the desire for new attractions to be generated, caused by attractions having been previously exerted between these particles which have a tendency to set up the new action.

"The conflict of these two forces may be termed action and reaction. Action being the exertion, or tendency to the exertion of new attractions, reaction the tendency to maintain the old attractions, thereby preventing the action from taking place. Sometimes the action overcomes the reaction, and the new attraction actually does take place. Sometimes the reaction is too much for the action, and the new attraction is prevented from taking place; and sometimes the two forces are nearly balanced, when vibrations ensue. The reaction is thus an active force.

"The partial effects of the power which maintains the attraction of masses of matter, being an obstacle to the generation of new attractions, is in the highest degree important in nature; for if, when a mass of matter was placed under circumstances favourable to some new attraction, there was nothing to oppose the force then having a tendency to be generated, the attraction would be generated momentarily. The coals in our grates would be consumed instantly; if our house caught fire, the whole would be gone in a moment. But, fortunately, the former attractions act as an impediment to the exertion of the new ones; the energy of the desire for combustion of carbon for oxygen in our fires, is held at bay by the former attraction of the particles of coal which is gradually and progressively overcome. Our fires, therefore, burn regularly and steadily; our candles with slowness and precision; and all other actions, even to the railway engine, take place with energy proportionate to the smallness of the resistance to the new action which causes the effect.

"The energy with which a new attraction overcomes an old one is called the time of its performance; and, conversely, the energy of the resistance to a new action by an old one is called the time of the attempt at performance. Time, therefore, is the abstract idea of the energy of an action and reaction. Time is, therefore, a strictly material property. Without matter we could not have time; and even with matter the phenomenon of time requires for its manifestation some new attraction to overcome an old one. The tendency of the action of the new attraction to overcome the old one is called the commencement of an unit of time; the actual performance of the new attraction, after the destruction of the old one, or the actual resistance of the new attraction by the old one, is called the termination of an unit of time. The absolute performance or resistance of a new action, that is, its commencement and termination, constitutes an event, and according to the energy of this event, it is said to be of shorter or of longer duration. The science of chronology is a science which treats of the energy of the performance of a series of events; and for the purpose of referring one action to another action we assume, as an unit of time, some definite desire for action opposed by some definite resistance to that action by some previously

existing attraction. This unit we call an unit of time; and we multiply or submultiply this to express the relation of other units to it, according as the action of those units are performed with greater or lesser energy—in common language, in more or less time. A series of these units we take as our standard, and all events have some relation to that standard.

"Time being a material action opposed by a reaction, must have had its commencement with the first material action so opposed. Time must have been first evidenced immediately matter first existed in an attracted state. Attraction must have preceded time, for at the first exertion of attraction there could have been no reaction to produce that phenomenon, though the moment matter was attracted, time commenced. The end of time, so far as relates to this universe, will be that day when attraction ceases, or, poetically speaking, when 'the great globe itself, yea, all that which it inherit, shall dissolve.'"

Having fully discussed the nature and properties of time, we are next led on to the investigation of heat. This is pursued in a similar manner; and the author well exposes the inutilty, to say the least, of those fanciful creations of philosophers called imponderables, or essences. He says—

"Heat, light, sound, and scent, are abstract ideas of material actions and reactions, and there is no imponderable or essence in any of them to which matter owes its power of being hot, illumined, noisy, or odoriferous. Heat, which, according to the imaginative philosopher, is dependent on an imponderable called caloric, is rather to be regarded as the result of some material action, and we regard a hot body as a body in a particular material condition. Without matter there can be no heat, and matter may even exist without that phenomenon being evident. If we seek for the material action which primarily is the cause of heat, as matter has but one property, that of attraction, we naturally look for some attraction to be set up to cause the phenomenon, and we actually find that if we take a review of all the sources of heat, the phenomenon is owing to some new attraction acting upon a body, the particles of which are held together by former attractions. A hot body is, therefore, a body whose attractions are interfered with by other attractions, and heat is the abstract term of their disturbance of attractions in a particular manner."

Light is next treated of, and we are shewn that it is an abstract idea of a definite material action, and that we can have no light without matter, and that only matter whose particles are in a certain state of aggregation will give rise to the effects, for,

"Light, being an action and reaction, requires of necessity a body held together by attractions, on which some new attraction can act. The new attraction is generally called the source of light, for by its action on old attractions, that is, on previously existing ones, the phenomenon arises."

"If we regard the labours of our most distinguished philosophers, we find that they shew the impossibility of light consisting of material particles emitted from an illumined object, for, be they ever so small, the rate at which they must necessarily progress is so great, that they would destroy any material body with which they come in contact. Mathematicians, moreover, have shewn that light could not be communicated from one body to another by the vibration of material particles. Upon this they straightway assumed some kind of imponderable, which they were pleased to designate an ether, which, after having created by their imaginations, they made in the same way, fill space, and enter into the composition of every body, even the most dense and heavy that we are acquainted with. Such gratuitous assumptions, such vain creations of essences and imponderables, must be discarded, and we shall see that nature is even more easily interpreted, if we first remove the inventions which human imagination has created, and then examine her in all her beauty of simplicity."

These few extracts may serve to shew something of the general nature and style of the work, but they are necessarily limited, and it is useless to expect, by such means, to convey very accurate notions of the design and extent of a book like the present; for where we have all that is to be said on what has occupied hundreds of volumes compressed into the small compass of 300 octavo pages, it is very unlikely that one or two of these pages, selected almost at random, can give an adequate idea of the contents of the remainder. Much originality and freedom of thought pervades the volume, and it is one which will bear to be studied by all who have a desire to approach the knowledge of the mysterious manner in which "we live and move, and have our being." We are glad to perceive that this is but the introduction to a work which will be devoted to that

higher branch of natural science, physiology, and we may hope that Mr. Smee will carry out the same style with as much, or, if possible, more success.

The beauty of the following hint, thrown out concerning the probable nature of the sun, struck us so forcibly, that we offer no apology for its insertion:—

"The great source of light and heat to the earth is the sun, whose benefits upon all terrestrial creatures is so great, that there have not been wanting human beings who, on its first appearance at the dawn of morning, have fallen down upon their knees and worshipped it for the benefits they derived from its powers. What is this sun, without whose rays we could scarcely exist for a single day? Some have supposed it to be a ball of fire; others, that it is a mass in a certain state of combustion. If, however, we suppose the particles of the mass of the sun be alternately attracted, and in a state of destruction of its attractions, all the effects produced by the sun would arise. How far the sun acting successively on different parts of our planetary system is the cause of their revolution, it is not for me at the present time to consider, and if, perchance, the influence of the planets causes the vibration of the particles of the sun, how simple would be the construction of our solar system! When we consider that, by attraction, the planets are held in their situation, such an idea has some probability. Upon such a view, beautiful for its simplicity, excellent for its grandeur, the sun would cause the alternations of light with darkness, heat with cold, day with night, summer with winter, it would itself derive this power of illumination from the planets, which in turn it illuminates, revolves, and cheers."

As we have stated that there was great freedom of thought throughout the work, and as some may have doubts as to the proper direction of that freedom, we feel ourselves bound to let Mr. Smee speak for himself respecting his ideas of the relationship of the material and the immaterial, and in so doing, we conceive we shall in a great measure shew good grounds for the general approval we have given of the book.

"The beginning of the first event affecting matter was the primary attraction, which the subsequent attraction sought to disturb; and the great question upon which the human mind desires to speculate is the cause of this first exertion of attraction. This power of matter to generate attraction, in the first instance, could never have arisen from anything; we therefore are compelled to admit, that from something extraneous it derived its power. If we look at the means necessary to endow matter with the property of attraction, we are instantly astonished at the unbounded magnitude, magnipotence, and magnipresence of that power; for we have evidence to shew that that power was evinced over enormous masses of matter, separated by hundreds of thousands of millions of miles. If that power is continually being exerted, the Author necessarily appears as the governor of material phenomena; but if the government of the world is continually being affected, we discover that no variation has taken place in the general properties evinced by matter since the world began; the earth still continues to run its daily and yearly course; matter continues to be hot, illuminated, and capable of causing sound when acted on in a peculiar manner; and, as far as we can learn, not the slightest alteration has occurred since the earliest human event was recorded. To the source of that immensity of power, we attach the name of Creator or Almighty.

"The attributes of the Creator of all material particles naturally form a subject of the most sublime contemplation for all beings endowed with reason sufficient for that purpose. But here, again, we must refer to our incapacity to enter into a subject so much beyond human understanding, for man can only appreciate things which are material, and which, by virtue of their properties, communicate impressions through material organs to the human mind. We find that we cannot determine the absolute attributes of the Deity from physical science, but only infer certain attributes by not attributing to His Divinity the properties of matter, which are solely derived through the exertion of his power."

The author then briefly enumerates the properties of matter, and shews as he proceeds the error of applying any one of them to the Deity, and the following extracts are taken from the conclusion to the work:—

"We have seen that all physical subjects depend upon the existence of the Supreme Being, the Creator of matter, from whose will matter is. We have seen that matter is that which attracts; that particles of matter under attraction give the masses of matter their properties; and that this attracted matter being acted on by new attractions, produces all physical effects. Physical science depends on matter, and its property, attraction; and the great problem for man to solve when he desires to perform his various opera-

tions, is comprised in the effect which attraction produces on attracted matter."

We have thus hastily skimmed over a book which, to be thoroughly appreciated, must be read and studied with close attention. Short as has been our acquaintance with it, we have already derived so much gratification from its perusal, that we promise ourselves many a treat from conning over some of its chapters at our quiet and leisure hours; and we imagine we shall receive the thanks of many for having thus early directed their attention to a source whence they may draw a rich intellectual feed at a moderate expense.

Where there is so much of what is original, there will, of course, be plenty of opportunity for cavillers to pick out holes and corners and delicate morsels wherewith to form a dish acceptable to their own tasteful (?) palates; but, taking the book as a whole, as Mr. Smee has taken physical science, we are pretty certain the dissentients from the opinion we have expressed will be very few indeed.

**Pulmonary Consumption.** By JOHN HASTINGS, M.D. London, 1843. Churchill.

DR. HASTINGS has distinguished himself by the introduction of naphtha in the treatment of consumption, and of course he is enthusiastic in advocacy of his favourite prescription, and rides his hobby pretty vigorously. But it must be stated, to his credit, that he judiciously shuns the charge of quackery by abstaining from offering it as a specific. He does not pronounce it infallible, nor is he confident that it is a cure, but he asserts that it has proved so successful wherever he has tried it, especially in arresting the disease in its early stages, that he has no doubt it is, when used in time, "little less than a specific." If so it be, then has Dr. Hastings conferred a lasting obligation upon mankind; but we may be excused for withholding implicit confidence, after the failure of ten thousand other remedies, reported with equal sincerity, and proved by an equal array of cases.

He administers naphtha in liquid doses, mingled with water, or by inhalation. It has, at least, one recommendation, it can do no harm.

#### EDUCATION.

*A few Leaves out of a Manuscript Grammar, on the Pronunciation of the Italian Language.*

By J. B. CARDI, Professor of Languages in the University of Oxford. London, 1843. Whitaker and Co.

THE difficulty of learning correctly to pronounce a language anywhere but in its native country, or in the continual society of natives, must have been felt by all who have tried the experiment. Industry will enable any person to translate perfectly, to write correctly, but no perseverance will teach the precise pronunciation, because the latter is an effort of the imitative rather than of the intellectual powers. Much, however, may be effected towards this object, in the absence of  *viva voce*  instruction, by judicious directions, founded upon the obvious principle of similarity of sounds in the language to be learned with those in the mother tongue of the pupil. It must, nevertheless, be admitted that this contrivance is not a substitute for a master; it will enable the student to approach the object of his toil, not to reach it. Let books profess as they may, he may be assured that he can never learn to  *speak*  a language perfectly without continual converse with natives.

But there is a numerous class of persons who have no need to talk fluently in some particular language, which yet they wish to learn; and the Italian is a language of which it is necessary for many persons to be just able to pronounce it decently, but of which a more particular knowledge would be of little service. This large class are the misses and masters of whose education music is now an indispensable portion, and as Italian music is the fashion, people who may need to know in some sort how the words are to be pronounced which it is their task to marry to immortal music, will find such a dumb instructor, conveying a notion of words by judicious comparison of like words in their own language, very serviceable, if they have not the means or the inclination to employ a master.

This little, very little book of Mr. Cardi is just the sort of silent teacher for this purpose we have described. In a very few pages, and in a manner

the most simple and intelligible, he describes the precise pronunciation of Italian letters and combinations of letters; and he adds some exercises, by which the student may test his proficiency, one of these being the splendid passage in "Dante," of Ugolino's recital of his death, and that of his four sons in the "Tower of Famine." This of itself is worth the rest of the whole volume, if volume that may be called which consists of some thirty-two pages, small enough for the waistcoat pocket, and to be purchased for a few pence. But if its value be measured by its utility, it should be more costly than many works of greater pretension and costliness.

**Manual for Students of British Architecture.**

By ARCHIBALD BARRINGTON, M.D. London, 1843. Bell.

A KNOWLEDGE of the fundamental principles of architecture should be given as a portion of education, for it is a science whose interests is by no means limited to those whose profession it is to be made, but will be found often in request by all who desire to cultivate a taste for art. To all such, the publication before us will be extremely useful. It describes, in language as little technical as it could be made, the various classic orders and the distinctions between them, and then the orders of Gothic Architecture, illustrating them with a comparative chart which conveys to the eye an accurate notion of the descriptions of the pen. We have not seen a work so well adapted as this for the initiation of youth into the principles of a science the teaching of which is a matter of peculiar difficulty, and therefore we commend it to all tutors at schools and at home.

#### FICTION.

*The Burgomaster of Berlin.* Translated from the German of W. ALEXIS. In 3 vols. Saunders and Otley, London, 1843.

THIS tale brings before our view scenes into which the novelist has hitherto scarcely ventured—and an English version of it has been undertaken in the hope, says the translator in his preface, "that its historical value will recommend it, inasmuch as it opens a track as yet but little explored."

It gives a lively and minutely finished picture of Berlin, as it was in the fifteenth century—when the whole of what is now the kingdom of Prussia was divided into margraviates and principalities—and subject to the dominion of the Emperor of Germany. Hallam tells us, in his History of the Middle Ages, "that the inhabitants of the free cities always preserved their respect for the Emperor, and gave him much less trouble than his other subjects. He was, indeed, their natural friend. But their nobility and prelates were their natural enemies, and the western parts of Germany were the scenes of irreconcilable warfare between the possessors of fortified castles and the inhabitants of fortified cities. The nobles were too often mere robbers, who lived upon the plunder of travellers."

Records, sheriffs' codes, and other documents have been made available for the authentication of the story. The author says, in a preface written expressly for this translation, that "it is the province of poetic fiction to draw from the unadulterated springs of genuine records that which until now has been passed over as of less importance;"—hence it may be inferred that the greater portion of the work treats of the more domestic and local politics of the time. In truth, the whole of the first volume, and much of the others, is occupied with the proceedings of the municipal council, and the various innocent and amiable tricks played off against the most worshipful members thereof by the artisans and tradesfolk of the good towns—bad neighbours though they were—of Berlin and Koela. The mutual jealousies and animosities existing between these localities—separated only by the river Spree—form the staple of many a long drawn out argument and lengthy gossip between burgesses—tradesfolk, and old women—which might have been of most engrossing interest to the persons concerned,—but which, truth to tell, we found occasionally to be tedious.

The author displays considerable vivacity and talent in the portraiture of his characters; one personage, in particular, has greatly pleased us; he is



of a race now extinct; for barbers in those days seem, by all accounts, to have been gifted with a natural inheritance of wit and humour to which other trades could lay no claim. Master Hans Ferbitz was quite the fashion in Berlin, and, judging from the characteristics required of him by our author, he must indeed have been

#### A MODEL OF A BARBER.

"Just at the point where now the 'Altes Schloss' touches the Spree, and close beside the bridge, stood, at that time, a barber's booth. It belonged to the corporation of Koeln, who rented it on lease. Its situation was very favourable betwixt the two towns; but still more in its favour was the reputation of its occupier, Hans Ferbitz. The *beau monde* collected there, and listened with avidity to the fluent and biting tongue of the stirring occupier, for he possessed the talent of being able to say something to tickle the ears of one and all. Sometimes he had so nothing to say agreeable to the hearer, but more generally something bitter against the absent; sometimes the guest himself came in for a share. Some took offence, and some did not, for what a fool says seldom pierces the skin, and what is a barber but a fool, thought the good folks; and who having daily intercourse with the quality of both towns, would not be able to smell out every fox, to have his eye on every patch, and his ear at every keyhole? Things that were forgotten were fresh with him, and all that was to happen he foretold perfectly. Sometimes it came true, and then folks stared, but who could follow the knave to see how he got to know about things? Had he been any thing but a barber, it might have gone worse with him—wizards got burnt, and witches drowned, but a fool might say what he thought proper."

To fill up this outline of his character, it is but fair that we should subjoin a specimen of his powers of volubility and humour—which will, at the same time, serve as a fair example of the writer's style:—

"Master Ferbitz had long ceased to be a listener, for another respectable customer had beckoned him into another room. The barber, the moment before to all appearance a good burgher, stubborn and steadfast, was now balancing himself on his toes, and accompanying the strokes of his razor on the leather with the most obsequious grimaces. Before him sat Pawl Strobant, with his hands upon his massive thighs, vouchsafing the operator scarcely a look. But even a patrician must be shaved if he wishes to have a smooth chin; and the haughtiest countenance loses much of its dignity when enveloped in soapbuds. 'I wonder,' began Master Hans, as the suds glistened on the face of the senator, and his stumpy red nose hung out, like a cliff, over the icebills of soap—'I wonder what the emperor and the states will say to this?' 'To what?' 'That we are to have an ox for burgomaster.' Herr Strobant put on a face very like the animal named, when furious. 'Last night there was a howling for joy in all the shippens. Such honour was never paid to a beast before; and when the ox is once alderman, then the cows and calves are to come into the council. There will be a roaring!' 'What do you mean by your barber wit?' 'No wit at all, your reverence. Do you not know that the butchers and sausage-makers have a meeting to-day? The senate and burgomaster do not suit them; they are going to complain, to come in, and choose another.' 'Whom?' 'One who is nearest to them, they say; one who will help them to earn something; and one who will be heard. Now, what is nearer to a butcher than an ox? Who lets them earn more than an ox? Whose voice is further heard than that of an ox? Ergo: the butchers could not do better than choose an ox.' 'Are there any more reasons?' 'Why has the town of Berlin a bear in its arms, your reverence? Because the bears till now have had the upper hand; but now that the bears, buffaloes, and such like wild beasts are driven out, the domestic animals, they say, should have their day. An ox would roar louder than a watchman, and would be near y as powerful as a learned senator—against the people, I mean, who demand their rights. An ox kicks straight out; then why wouldn't he do for burgomaster? And when an ox passes by, do not the people say, 'There goes the ox?' And when the burgomaster passes, do they not say, 'There goes the burgomaster?'"

"Pawl Strobant's hide was none of the thinnest; nevertheless, the sting of the barber's words pierced quite as far as a senator of those days could bear, and pass it for a joke."

"And what would they say, Hans, if the burgomaster shut up your head three days in the pillory, and made your back taste the rod for your loose tongue?"

"They would say, 'Well, well! the butchers have won the day!'"

We had marked several phrases that seemed to indicate that the translator is himself a German, but the following passage is so well and forcibly written, that we should rather attribute them to a desire to

adhere as closely as possible to the original text; always a laudable endeavour, but one which often may be carried to a dangerous extreme—

#### AN EXECUTION IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

"I know this place well, and can tell you something of old times. Do you hear nothing down below, under? When it is quite still, on a summer's night, when the grass is asleep, and the stars have closed their eyes, then you may hear a knocking and sighing: that is my mother. I was only a little child when they killed my mother. The people said she had red eyes, and did the cattle harm. At every door, when she knocked, they set the dogs at her. She was forced to sleep in the heath, or in the hedges, like a cat. They got sight of my mother once, as the bells of St. Nicholas were ringing, and the tapers burning on the altar, and the priests kneeling before it in velvet and gold. She had a mind to go in like the others, and to taste of the body of the Lord with the others. The burghers and the people murmured, 'What does that beggar woman want?' and they ramped and cried, 'She is a Vandal witch!' so the priest was angry, and bade her go forth, for the burgomaster and the senators, with their wives and children, were there to take the sacrament, all brushed and combed, in fur and velvet and fine lace, and it was not right of my mother to go into the church, for she had only rags on her body, and her skin was yellow, and she was unwashed; but she crept in again into a dark corner, close behind a pillar, and no one saw her. It came into my mother's head, 'I am a Christian too, and baptized as they are;' and when the people were all gone, and the priests too, and the doors shut, she crept forward, and stole a wafer out of the casket—only for herself, by all the saints, only for herself alone. She did not want to sell it to the godless Jews, that they might cut it and burn it. It was not right of my mother. The wafers burn in a person's body when not given by a priest's hands. It was found out, and she was taken and thrown into a dungeon; and then they made her confess that the wafer burnt in her body, for they would have it so. The judges and senators sat on the Long Bridge in judgment, and broke the white staff over her.\* It cost them much dispute; they could not agree whether she should be burnt. To be sure she should have been burnt, but then the host would be burnt in her body, so they brought her here before the Spandow door. Then they dug a hole before her eyes, and when it was as deep as a man's height or more, they pushed my mother into it, and the handle held me by the hand, that I might see it, and take warning, as they said. My mother shrieked, and I cried, for I was a child, and did not know what it was to steal wafers; and then they threw the earth in upon her, and she shrieked and wrung her hands, and begged. It would have melted the heart of a stone. I also cried out, and said it would hurt my mother, they should not throw any more earth upon her; but they said, I had only to wait, she would soon cease crying; and then she begged so piteously, only for one thing, that they would give her her child, that she might kiss it once more. They let it be so; I feel the kiss yet. She could not press me to her; her arms were fast already. And then, and then, they stamped with their feet upon the loose earth, that my mother might not get out again and steal wafers. Do you think the earth did not press upon my mother? They all said it had happened right to her. The senators said she had experienced mercy, for according to the old statutes, a woman might be buried alive for stealing a coat out of a box, and she had stolen the body of the Lord itself, out of God's house; and all cried, 'Amen!'"

A writer of Alexis' singular and original style, together with the peculiar idioms that abound in the German language, combined to throw great difficulties in the way of the translator; and it may, therefore, be considered as no mean praise to assert that, with the exception of those frequently recurring phrases to which we have already alluded, W. A. G., as the translator facetiously signs himself, has done Alexis all the justice that his arduous undertaking would admit of.

*The Banker's Wife; or, Court and City.* A Novel, in 3 vols. By Mrs. GORE. Colburn, 1843.

Mrs. GORE has less of the woman in her writings than any other authoress; so little, indeed, that a reader, ignorant of the writer's name, would not suspect that he was perusing the productions of a lady's pen. This masculine character of her works was exemplified in a striking manner in her brilliant

\* Breaking the white staff is the ceremony still performed in most parts of Germany immediately before the execution of a criminal. The judge stands up before the populace, and facing the scaffold, he breaks a white staff between his two hands. After this is broken, not even a royal warrant may stay the execution. Hence a common proverb, signifying, to despair of a person; or, finally to condemn any one.

novel entitled "*Cecil*," which she published under a veil of mystery, and which, though its authorship was the subject of universal scrutiny, was never suspected to be the composition of a woman. The novel upon our table is characterised by the same excellencies and defects as strike one in her other works, with the further fault of having been too hastily written. The plot is cleverly designed, the characters are drawn with a vigorous pencil, the dialogues are spirited, and the narrative has an excellent moral.

The framework of the tale is the history of a wealthy banker, of plebeian birth, who gains admission to aristocratic circles, marries a lady of high degree, becomes involved in pecuniary difficulties, is tempted to dishonourable resources in vain hope to save himself from ruin, is exposed, disgraced, and dies in a duel. The struggles of this man to rise into a circle above his own, his secret anguish when he knows that bankruptcy is impending, but he dares not wear a sad face to the world; the gradual steps to dishonour and immorality, until he becomes reckless under his accumulated burden of shame, are traced with a powerful hand and with a profound knowledge of the human heart; and it is scarcely necessary to add, that this novel is one of the few that will repay perusal.

We extract a single scene, but it is admirably written. It describes the feelings of the banker after the challenge, and illustrates forcibly the wickedness and folly of a practice which society sanctions even while religion condemns.

#### A NIGHT BEFORE A DUEL.

"When Hamlyn reached home, the excitement produced by this disastrous succession of events, was still whirling in his brain, and gnawing his heart's core. Fortunately, the family was at rest. Mrs. Hamlyn had appeared at Lady Vernon's concert only in obedience to his orders; and, having been harassed by the pertinacious interrogations of Sir Henry Middebury (who, knowing few people in the room, had attached himself to her side, not only to offer his congratulations and inquire the names of all the performers and the various schools of art in which they had received their musical education, but the counties in which the Marquis of Dartford's estates were situated, and the connections of his family), had hastened to her pillow; and Hamlyn, dismissing the footman who usually sat up for him, with express instructions that Ramsay should bring him his shaving-water at a quarter to seven in the morning, was left the only person waking in the house; alone, with the tremendous consciousness that it was perhaps the last night he might ever pass under its roof!—Not that his soul was easily depressed by desponding presentiments; and his irritation not having yet subsided, the preponderating feeling in his heart was to pursue, retaliate,—exterminate!"

"The banker had forgotten that He who assumes to himself the privilege of vengeance might exterminate in his turn!—Moreover, the leading characteristic of Hamlyn's mind was at all times its sanguine self-reliance. Like most people who put not their trust in Providence,—like most people reliant on the intervention of chance,—it cost him little more to expect miracles from its operation, than trifles. Half of the errors of his life arose from this rash confidence. All he had misappropriated of the property of his clients, he firmly expected to replace. He was fully persuaded that some happy combination of luck would enable him to repair the disorder he had created. And now, with a duel on his hands,—a duel with a young and adroit antagonist,—a duel in which public feeling, if not the cause of justice, would be wholly on the adverse side,—he confidently expected to despatch his business in Battersea-fields, as coolly, methodically, and triumphantly, as his business on the Stock Exchange!"

"His utmost efforts, therefore, towards 'setting his house in order' consisted in addressing a few lines to Spilsby, with instructions on certain points of business to be despatched on the morrow, in case he was unable to reach Lombard-street at an early hour; which he determined to forward into the city by the same conveyance that took him to the residence of his second, the Hon. Colonel Frampton, who had promised to drive him to the ground."

"He next committed to the flames a few papers from his bureau, which were not calculated for the scrutiny of his family in case he should meet with mischance, and have to resign his keys to the keeping of his wife. The bloodless nature of most duels arising out of parliamentary squabbles, seemed to ensure him against anything beyond this. On recalling to mind the various hostile meetings which had occurred for the last twenty years, under similar provocation, he could not remember one in which the interference of seconds had not been of the most exemplary nature."

"Nevertheless, as his excitement subsided, and his thirst for vengeance grew slack under the influence of anxiety touching the unfavourable impression the administration of a severe lesson to his antagonist might

produce on his reputation, as a man of business, his spirits became somewhat depressed. Ere he retired to the small bed-room which for some years past he had occupied, on the plea of the disturbance his early hours created to Mrs. Hamlyn, he entered the drawing-room, now cold, silent, deserted, and imperfectly lighted by the single wax taper he carried in his hand. The air was fragrant with the fine exotics adorning the flower-stands; and the light, dim as it was, of the taper he held, fell upon a thousand gorgeous objects; magnificent vases, marble tables, entablatures of malachite and coral, and all the splendid luxury of *pietra dura* and *marqueterie*.

"He seemed to notice, for the first time, the downy softness of the rich Aubusson carpet under his feet; the glitter of the splendid lustres over his head. Like the Cardinal de Richelieu, when discovered by his secretary early one morning a few weeks previous to his decease, taking a solitary leave of the beloved pictures and exquisite statues of his gallery, the eyes of the banker lingered tenderly upon the gaudy objects, for the enjoyment and display of which he had perilled the credit of an honest name, and the peace and welfare of hundreds of confiding victims!

"At length, just as he was on the point of receding with noiseless steps from the room over which slept his gentle wife and happy daughter, whose dreams were at that moment roscate with the brightest hues of youthful love, the light he held fell upon the gaudy frame of a large picture, to which, for some years past, his eyes had never once been directed; and, for some minutes, they were now riveted upon it, as by a master-spell.

"It was a portrait,—a full-length portrait from the pencil of Lawrence; representing Mrs. Hamlyn—not Mrs. Hamlyn—*Sophia*, at the climax of her youthful loveliness, a year after her marriage, with her first-born resting on her knee.

"The picture had been begun at his father's suggestion, while the young bride was yet an idol at Dean Park; the child being added during the slow completion of the portrait, as an after-thought of his own. In himself, one of the loveliest infants ever seen, little Walter derived new beauties from the graceful pencil of the artist; and well did Hamlyn remember how fondly he had assisted in keeping the child quiet during the tedious task of sitting, by holding before his little laughing eyes the very toy which, in the picture before him, figured in the hand of the smiling, exulting mother. The force of association brought back with life-like force to the banker's mind the soft, warm grasp of those dimpled baby hands. Yet, at that moment, his own were cold as death, and hard with the clench of suppressed emotion!—

"From the soft and sinuous outline of the half-naked babe, the eyes of Hamlyn wandered to the face of the mother. But could those clustering curls—those sparkling eyes—those blooming cheeks—ever have been the features of his wife? Where was that woman gone? What had become of her? She could not have lapsed into the pale, sad, silent, spiritless being who sat by his household board—she could not have progressed into the suffering mother who bore her cross so meekly! For a moment, *Sophia* Harrington as he had first beheld her—joyous, brilliant, beautiful, beloved—recurred to his mind; and in reflecting on the transformation his conduct had effected, so heavy a sigh arose from the depths of his soul, that he had ample need to recur anew for consolation to the face of that beloved son whose mature years fulfilled all the promise of their youthful grace. The passionate joy with which he had hailed the birth of his first-born, seemed to have prolonged its influence even until now, with a rapture unsusceptible of decay.

"I should like to have shaken hands again with Walter!" was his closing reflection, as he quitted the room and slowly ascended the stairs. "In these cases, one never knows what may happen. I should like to have shaken hands first with Walter."

"Next morning it excited no surprise among his servants that their ever active master should be astir an hour earlier than usual. For a moment, indeed, it struck Ramsay as extraordinary that Mr. Hamlyn should say he did not choose to wait for his cabriolet (which he pretended to have forgotten to order overnight); but that, being in a hurry, he would walk to the nearest coach-stand. Nay, even had the butler surmised that his master was going out to fight a duel, so convinced was he of the propriety and decorum of every measure of Mr. Hamlyn, that he would have felt persuaded some new canon of the law had, unknown to himself, authorised and legalised such a breach of the peace."

*Lord Daere, of Gilsland; a Novel.* By ELIZABETH M. STEWART. In 3 vols. London. Newby.

As it is the province of THE CRITIC to introduce to its readers, however briefly, all works having any pretension to a place in the library, we may not omit to notice Miss Stewart's novel, albeit out of a certain gallantry, which THE CRITIC con-

fesses to be a weakness of his nature, he feels the utmost reluctance to do so. For duty and inclination are brought into unpleasing conflict in the performance of this task. Fain would he praise, or pass in silence that which he could not approve; but truth demands somewhat more than such a silent introduction of this book to the readers of THE CRITIC. We are compelled to say of it that it is altogether unworthy of their notice, and to advise them by no means to trouble themselves to send for it. It is in the worst style of the old Minerva Press novels; a *melange* of murders, a miscellany of the horrible, the unnatural, and the supernatural, thrown together without taste or ingenuity. Conceived by a disordered fancy, the tale is written in the style of a milliner, and is fitted only for the perusal of those who, having supped full of horrors, want something of overwhelming stimulus as a finish, or, as the Americans say, to fill up the chinks.

#### POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

*Borgia; a Tragedy.* By HENRY T. WORLEY, Esq. London, 1843. Saunders and Otley.

THE author informs us in his preface that this tragedy owes its origin to the drama of Victor Hugo, which he witnessed on the Paris stage some years ago; but he adds that he has adopted little more than the general outline of the play, and that the disadvantage of constraint, arising from the presence of the original in his mind, has more than counterbalanced the benefit that has accrued from the loan of a subject.

It is certainly to be regretted that Mr. Worley should have subjected himself to this inconvenience, when he might so easily have wrought unfettered, and without the necessity for such an admission as that he feels "conscious that his attempt to engraft even this slight production upon a foreign stem has been accompanied by a certain want of flexibility and ease from which it might, under other circumstances, happily have been free." Among the vast range of dramatic incidents recorded by history, he might have selected one worthy of his powers that had not been treated before, and thus he might have avoided the stiffness which, he truly says, the drama before us exhibits, and the cause of which he thus explains.

The first question that presents itself to the critic is, whether the character of Lucretia Borgia be a fit theme for the drama. Victor Hugo has handled it with his wonted power, but his genius revels in the horrible; the school of which he was the founder was the reaction from the stiffness of classical pedantry, and it sought to shew how entirely it was emancipated by rushing into the opposite extreme of romantic extravagance, revelling in maniacal melodramas, aiming only to make a sensation, and feeding its followers with stronger and still stronger meats, until the force of fancy could no further go, or readers were unable to follow its mad flights, and the horrors piled upon horrors came toppling down upon the heads of the architects, who passed out of popularity almost as speedily as they had been mounted into it. "*Lucretia Borgia*" was one of the wildest productions of this school, and it was made endurable only by the genius which sparkled in every page, and for whose sake the reader almost forgave the bad taste that could have adopted such a theme for poetry, and so have handled it.

Mr. Worley has prudently avoided many of the worst faults of his prototype. He has stripped the drama of four-fifths of its horrors, indecencies, and immoralities, but we are not sure that he has not, at the same time, shorn it of a large portion of its interest. Lucretia Borgia was a monster, and we are not willing that she should be deprived of an atom of the execration which history has heaped upon her memory. To spare her one hideous trait is to destroy her identity, not to make her more agreeable. Pity it is that, if Mr. Worley was resolved to devote a drama to her, he did not do so with the daring design of Victor Hugo, and limn her as black as a certain personage is usually described, though said not to be so black as he is painted. Lucretia Borgia may not have been, and probably was not, quite such a demon as history (which must have its unredeemed scoundrels as well as its faultless demi-gods, though neither are found in actual life) has represented her; but, for the purposes of the drama, Mr. Worley should neither have changed the catastrophe, nor omitted any incident of horror, even

though it might have verged upon the revolting. Nor was it necessary to apologize for putting into the mouths of his personages "atrocious sentiments, sophistical opinions," and "coarse phraseology." He could not have done otherwise. It would have been somewhat startling to have listened to humane sentiment and the language of a noble nature from a wretch like Lucretia.

With these preliminary remarks upon the general features of the drama, as described in the preface, we proceed to examine it more in detail, and subscribing to the correctness of Mr. Worley's views of the constraint to which the partial adoption of the plot of a contemporary has subjected him, we must express our regret that the powers which he undoubtedly possesses had not been employed in a field where they might have had full scope for their untrammelled exercise.

The first scene of the first act introduces us to a terrace in front of the Barbarego Palace, at Venice, where certain noble Romans in the service of Venice meet and talk over the doings of the Borgias. One *Oloferno* tells this story, and it is a fair specimen of Mr. Worley's style:—

"'Twas on the night, then, ye have heard from Jeppo, The place being that he hath narrated to ye, That a poor boatman, one George Schiavoni, Who, from a vessel's deck moor'd i' the Tiber, Watch'd certain merchandise, beheld a sight That made his blood run cold. Two cavaliers, Muffled and mask'd, that turn'd at every step Their faces o'er their shoulders, as though some Strong terror dogg'd their heels, approach'd the place Near where the vessel lay. Next came two more, And then three others follow'd, seven in all. One of the company bestrode a steed Black as the night he rode in, on whose quarters The boatman clearly saw, so close he came, A human corpse, flung crosswise, the head hanging Down on one side, the legs upon the other, Pillion of pale mortality. The rider Back'd his horse to the brink, and while the rest Kept keenest watch at every point that none O'erpeep'd the unholy deed, the muffled twain Grasp'd the poor carcass, one on either side; And, weighing it an instant on their arms, So all their force to gather for the fling, Heaved it into the stream. For a brief moment, But which within itself did hold an age, For so time paused, his wing with horror laden; The horseman listen'd to the splashing voice Of the vex'd water, in whose hiding lap From every eye but One, for ever pass'd The unsuspected corpse; then, with stretch'd hand, Pointing to some large object on the surface, Demanded what it was? One of the twain, In a low whisper, pitch'd to murder's key, That through the smooth and ebon pall of night Pierced like a sword, made answer— 'May it please Monseigneur'—mark ye well the phrase— 'It is Monseigneur's mantle'—which, scarce said, He seized a massive stone, and, with a just aim, Striking the floating tell-tale, drove it deep 'Neath the secreting stream. Their dark deed done, That guilty company, no more words spoke, Turn'd from the river's bank, taking the road That leads to the cathedral."

*Gubetta* adds that the name of the dead rider was John Borgia—the living one was Caesar;—it further comes out in the dialogue that the cause of this fratricide was jealousy, both the brothers being in love with their sister, Lucretia Borgia, who, it was added, had a child some years before she was a wife. A sort of summary of this family compact is thus delicately hinted by *Gubetta*:—

"But there's another that knows more than I, And that's Lucretia Borgia; And there's another that knows more than she, And that's her brother Caesar; And there's another that knows more than he, And that's the Pope, their father; Marry, if there be any doth know more Of the mystery of iniquity than the Pope doth, 'Tis the foul fiend himself; so ends my climax."

While they are talking, *Lucretia* enters, and communicates freely with *Gubetta* about a variety of persons whom she had imprisoned or poisoned, or ordered to be poisoned; and when *Gubetta* has gone through the list, she, to his amazement, orders all of them who were yet living to be released forthwith. In vain he reasons with her against this fit of virtue. Even persuasions powerful as these fail to move her from her purpose:—

"Madam, I do entreat you to give time To this new fantasy, that thought may weigh What thoughtless impulse out of hand would act. All things are adverse to it; most your life By mercy made less sure, for wrongs impos'd Beget more vengeance in the heart of man Redeem'd than they can cancel, and grace falls Not on good grounds alone but stony places. Compassion is a weakness in a king And mighty sceptres turn to gilded sticks In hands that wield them not wherewith to break The stubborn pates of those that bow not down. Suspicion and her shadow, which is death, Make tyrants terrible whom fear makes safe; Great Caesar doubted Cassius; had he quench'd His doubts in Cassius' blood, Caesar had lived;



That crushing not the snake beneath his heel  
Was for his proper folly fitly slain."

Of course there is a motive for this. *Lucretia* answers his arguments with the following well-written speech:—

"Mine oldest, ablest counsellor! Come hither to me:  
I'd speak with thee—speak very frankly with thee.  
Doth never thought, Gubetta, never wish—  
A little lurking wish, less own'd than felt,  
For zeal of friends—the general good word,  
Kinsmen's affection, or the single love  
That should hoard up its heart's whole wealth in thee,  
Come over thee, and like a gentle rain  
Thaw thee into a man? O, my Gubetta!  
When thievish time hath clotted the thick blood,  
Unedged the subtle soul, and to a piece  
Of shivering and shrunk flesh, that lacks the strength  
To minister to its own exigencies,  
These forceful frames reduced, who would fain  
Pass the poor lag and leavings of his days  
Robb'd of all reverence, garnish'd with no grace  
Of goodly memories that best gild grey hairs;  
But 't' the worldly estimation be  
As pitiful, poor, and loathly as he is  
In his own sense of being? Mine old servant,  
Pray you deal soothingly with me."

She then confesses that she has fallen in love with one *Gennaro*, who enters, and, it would appear, goes to sleep; for she addresses him thus:—

"Beautiful boy!  
Had I ne'er seen thee waking, loveliest in  
The sleep that now enfolds thee, life's half-owner,  
Let me take hold of this unconscious hand  
And make it piece with mine. Would that I knew  
On what phantasmic shore of golden thoughts  
Thine unimprison'd soul keeps holiday,  
That I might meet it there, teaching my fancy  
To wing a flight like thine. See how his lips  
Part with a new-born smile, and a calm glow  
Such as doth brighten good men's close of breath  
Makes sunset of his aspect,  
And tender as the down of angel's wings,  
Lies the soft flesh upon his sleeping cheek!  
Slumber on, boy!  
I'll watch the while, that if the changeful hand  
Of the capricious Morpheus, king of dreams,  
With chilling clouds o'ercomes thy vision's noon,  
I may straight wake thee!"

While she is watching him, the Duke enters, and falls into a fit of jealousy, but goes out again, without being seen by her; a short love scene follows, but nothing comes of it.

The second scene re-introduces *Lucretia* and *Gennaro* in a more retired part of the garden. *Gennaro* relates his history, and there is much merit in the manner of it:—

"*LUCRETIA BORGIA.*  
"I do not ask thy heart, for that's another's  
That hath not half my years."

"*GENNARO.*  
"What wouldst have then?"

"*LUCRETIA BORGIA.*  
"I'd have thee feel towards me as thou hadst  
Known me from infancy—as though the first  
Of thy young thoughts back-running memory finds  
Were of some little pleasure I had wrought thee  
Sweeter than largest after ones; I would be  
'Mongst thy mind's habitants as the fond kind nurse  
Had carried thee: coax'd thee with hushing tales,  
Of baulk'd thy fears; taught thee thy prayers,  
But only of her fears; taught thee thy prayers,  
And how to crook thy knees, how build thy hands  
O'er the uttering them; was to thee 't' the place  
Of the lost trunk and fountain of thy life  
That thou didst never see."

"*GENNARO.*  
"Where's the hot blood  
That did with such a quick and filling tide  
Course through my ridgy veins? Queen-seeming  
stranger,  
What's 't' thy words that they should have such power  
More than the natural?"

"*LUCRETIA BORGIA.*  
"Tis an honest power,  
Come it from where it will. Hast ever wish'd  
That thou hadst known thy mother?"

"*GENNARO.*  
"What a thrill  
Shoots through me with that word! Mysterious being!  
Majestic as mysterious—fair as both—  
I do adore thee, answer me, Did'st thou know her?"

"*LUCRETIA BORGIA.*  
"Even as she knew herself; she was a woman  
Being much sinn'd against had done much sin;  
But they that told her evil nothing told  
Of the offence that caus'd it."

"*GENNARO.*  
"My poor mother!"

"*LUCRETIA BORGIA.*  
"Bless thee for speaking of her in such tone!  
I am sure thou wouldst have loved her, hadst thou  
known her."

"*GENNARO.*  
"Oh, tell me of her—  
Beseech thee tell me of her! On my knees,  
I do implore thee tell me all thou knowest  
Of her whom I am part of! Oh, how often—  
How earnestly, yet ever to no end,  
Have I entreated of the rugged hind  
With whom I pass'd my years, till the last twain—  
A cold and clownish herdsman, of scant speech,  
That had his dwelling 'midst the Apennine,  
Who were my parents—what their lot of life—  
Why they did quit me to the alien hand,

If they still lived? and twenty other questions,  
That curious Nature prompted, to all which  
Either he answer'd nothing, or with speech  
Purposely from the purpose strove to turn  
My thoughts to other things."

"*LUCRETIA BORGIA.*  
"Did never word,  
In some soft moment that the sternest have  
When they feel happy, from his lips escape  
Whence thou might'st guess their name? (Bethink thee,  
Gennaro!  
Did he say nothing to thee?"

"*GENNARO.*  
"Nothing, lady,  
Or what did 'mount to nothing; thus much only:  
Being one day wearied with my urgency,  
For so I did his patience importune  
Even as the unjust judge—  
He told me that my father died ere I  
Could syllable his name, and my poor mother,  
Girt with strong enemies that strove to quench  
My infant and new-lighted spark of life,  
Gave me in charge to him. Their name, their country,  
Condition, and strange accidents of life,  
(For strange they must have been that did so chance,)  
Of these he dropp'd no hint."

"*LUCRETIA BORGIA.*  
"Why didst thou leave him?"  
"*GENNARO.*  
"Because I did not love him, nor the life  
I led with him."

On her dropping some hint about *Borgia*, he expresses a loathing at the very name. The colloquy is interrupted by the entrance of the noble Romans already introduced.

The Second Act opens with a street in Ferrara, before the palace of the Duchess, who enters, and soliloquizes thus on murder:—

"What doth it matter if the man that liv'd  
A hundred years ago, liv'd out his time  
Or had his thread cut short before 'twas spun?  
Truly no more  
Than it doth matter if the meal we ate  
Three days ago was plentiful or lean;  
For the past hath no value, or but moves  
Our grief that it is gone, as odorous cakes,  
Being empty, make us envy they were full.  
It is not murder, but the doing murder  
That makes men toss o' nights. Who stabs a man  
Sets up a picture that will not rub out,  
While kings, that from the distance warrant death,  
Not seeing death, know nothing of the pangs  
Actual assassins suffer. What men call  
Conscience, is corporal, dwelling in the eye;  
Nor, greyhound-like, hath any faculty  
To find the quarry that it cannot see.  
I have writ many murders—look'd on none—  
Being robber of the soul than body;  
So the poor spendthrift, with his pen, bids pay  
A thousand ducats that being counted out  
In his own presence, ducat after ducat,  
He had no heart to part from; and so cheeks  
Have blanch'd at coffins that could smile at death,  
And thoughts of to be buried made to quake  
A bosom that had flutter'd not to die."

*Gubetta* joins her, and they plot the destruction, by poison, of the Signiors of Venice, at a feast to which they are to be invited. The noble Romans already introduced to us enter soon afterwards, and are bidden to the feast. *Gubetta* requests *Gennaro* to go with him to the Duchess. He refuses, and with his sword defaces the armorial bearings over the palace gate. The next scene discovers *Lucretia* walking in the palace garden with her page, anxiously waiting the coming of *Gennaro*, and she directs one *Apostolo* to seize him, and bring him to her by force, but not to harm him. In the third scene this capture is accomplished. The next scene is in the Duke's palace, and he is discovered sitting at a table, with guards in the rear. He soliloquizes on the infidelity of his consort; an anonymous letter informs him that her minion *Gennaro* had defaced the armorial bearings, and that he is now under arrest. While he is pondering what to do, *Lucretia Borgia* enters. She demands the death of the person who had insulted the palace with his sword. The Duke, delighted, swears he shall not escape the doom. A curtain is drawn aside, and *Gennaro* is seen, a prisoner. The Duke tells the dotting woman that there is the offender. She changes her tone, and now implores his life. The Duke falls into a terrible passion, and calls her many disagreeable names. *Lucretia*, unable to procure his release by her entreaties, concludes by requesting only that he might die by poison, and not by the hands of the public executioner; poison is brought, he drinks; the Duke quits the stage; *Lucretia* tells him, that she has so drugged the draught that it will not harm him; he answers with angry upbraids, and they part.

The third and last act, opens with a soliloquy by *Gubetta*, in the street, who moralizes very virtuously. To him the aforesaid noble Romans enter, and a dialogue ensues, which does not so much advance the plot as every dialogue ought to do. The second scene shews *Lucretia* in a chamber in the

palace, who, in a repentant mood, actually ventures upon a prayer, and swears to live

"Henceforth as saints have liv'd; wash from my hands  
The branded blackness out, and for a robe  
Of new-born innocence and fresh-born faith,  
Fling the old slough of sin."

She prayed for a sign that she should be forgiven the past; but no sign appearing, she exclaims, in despair, that she might

"As well  
Slay the sheep as the lamb, for the crime's one,  
And one the punishment!"

and directs *Gubetta* not to spare the Signiors.

In the next scene, we have the Duke again, who is informed that *Gennaro* is not dead, as he had expected, whereat he is much annoyed. The banquetting-room is the scene of the drama's close. *Gubetta* gives the poisoned cup to the noble Romans; while they are standing to drink, folding doors fly open, and *Lucretia* is seen watching them; the guards seize the victims, one of whom dies upon the stage; *Lucretia* soliloquizes over the dead body; *Gennaro* enters, and, maddened by the sight of his friend *Maffio* dead, tries to stab the Duchess, but, changing his mind, turns the sword to his own breast; she endeavours to prevent him, upon which the Duke rushes in and kills him, and *Lucretia* winds up the drama by a vow to go to a nunnery, where, she says,

"Henceforward will I hide myself, and there  
Anticipate the inevitable Hell!"

From this outline the reader will be enabled to form a just judgment of the merits of Mr. Worley's drama, which are many, while its faults are those which practice will amend, and a happier theme avoid.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

*Heath's Book of Beauty*, 1844; with beautifully finished Engravings, from Drawings by the first Artists. Edited by the Countess of Blessington. London. Longman and Co.

The same editor, and many of the same contributors as those of "The Keepsake," with additions that add much value to the list, introduce this work to the public; and it combines attractions which cannot fail to ensure for it extensive popularity. The rich binding will allure some, the subjects of the portraits others, the excellence of the engravings many, and still more will be interested by the literary contents, which will exclusively command our attention here, the merits of the volume as a work of art being discussed in the pages appropriated to art.

We have said so much of "The Keepsake," that it will be unnecessary to repeat here the comments made upon such of the contributors as appear in "The Book of Beauty" also; and therefore we shall limit our notices to the writers who are to be found exclusively in the latter. And first of these is Miss Sparrow, whose powerful tale of the cholera in Ireland, which she has entitled "The Trial of Constancy," will be read with great interest, not so much for the performance as for the promise it indicates. Then there is the honoured name of Walter Savage Landor, who contributes one of his "Imaginary Conversations." Sir Gardner Wilkinson has favoured the editor with the following passage from his note-book:—

#### THE AMAZONS.

"History, fable, and sculpture, have all celebrated the amazons of old. The early Greeks gloried in having been able to defeat those female warriors, their assistance was welcomed by Priam during the siege of Troy, and their skill in war was the theme of many an ancient tale. Even etymology was called in to prove their existence by its elastic property; and the process by which they were fitted for handling the bow was described with appropriate gravity, though contrary to the authority of ancient sculpture."

"To the present day some have admitted, others have doubted, the existence of those not very feminine heroes; and the more matter-of-fact belief of some modern writers has confined their exploits, and their existence as a nation, within very narrow limits. Most accounts fix their abode in Sarmatia, whither they are said to have retired from the coasts of the Black Sea; and to Asia is given the honour, if honour it be, of having this unlady-like community. But Africa has had and still has its amazons; though seldom noticed by old writers, and only known in modern times through the discoveries made by order of Mohammed Ali on the banks of the White Nile."

"Diodorus, after censuring the belief of their being confined to Asia, asserts that the African amazons were much more ancient, having existed many ages

before the Trojan war, and introduces Myrina, their queen, as a friend of Horus, the son of Isis, in the fabulous ages of that most antique country, Egypt.

The ancient Amazons, with an ultra-old-maid aversion to men, either killed all the males of their community, or maimed them in such a manner as to prevent their taking part in war; and any young woman who, with disinterested public spirit, was willing to benefit the state, by increasing the Amazonian family, was first obliged to prove her hatred of mankind by killing three men. The birth of a son and heir was the last wish of a mother, and the strangling of unwelcome male children was a parental duty. Such was a custom, or believed to be a custom, of those good old times. In these quiet days women are fortunately less enthusiastic, and children enjoy a more agreeable fate: boys are not strangled; and girls are not doomed to suffer under a hot iron, or to force themselves to an unnatural love of battle-axes and war. The modern Amazons of Africa, though assuming the character of warriors, neither destroy their offspring nor pretend to the sovereignty of the country they inhabit; and they are contented with the duties of body-guards to the king. They do not, however, appear to leave him much liberty in the choice of his associates, and none is permitted to approach him but his ministers.

The expedition sent by the present ruler of Egypt to explore the course and source of the White Nile have obtained much curious information respecting that part of Africa. The first, composed of one hundred men, under a Turkish officer, Schim Binbasli, a captain in the Egyptian navy, after having penetrated, by water, to the distance of one hundred and thirty-five days' journey above Khartoom, was obliged to return, from the lowness of the river at that season. The results of that expedition were few, owing to the inexperience of the persons employed in making astronomical observations, and other requisites for geographical accuracy. Sufficient, however, was learned to shew that the direction of the White Nile differed much from that previously laid down in our maps; that it had no branches coming from the west, but merely marshlands on that side; that some tributary streams did come from the eastward; that no range of high mountains existed in the vicinity; and that Bahr-el-Abiad, or White River, as far as they had traced it, continued in nearly the same southerly direction, and lay even to the east of the meridian of Cairo.

The second expedition had the advantage of being accompanied by two Europeans. It ascended as high as latitude 4 deg. 42 min., and the river was not only found to come from the eastward, without a single tributary stream from the west, but appeared to rise to the south of the hills of the Galla country, where geographers had hitherto erroneously placed the Mountains of the Moon.

Various tribes of wild people succeed each other in this tract, generally at war with their neighbours; some of whom treated the strangers as friends, some as enemies. The most remarkable were the Shelooks, the Denkas, and the Behrs. The first are remarkable for their lofty stature; the Denkas, for their worship of the moon, and for the singular custom of abstaining from ostentatious momentariness above the horizon; and the Behrs for a strange regulation respecting the death of their king, and for their having a body guard of women to protect his person. The royal abode is about four miles from the river; its approach is concealed within the thickets of a large forest; and all access to it is cut off by deep ravines, that are filled with water during the inundation. Besides these advantages of position, it is guarded by the rigorous vigilance of two bands of female warriors, who allow no one to approach the king's person except his two ministers. These even are forbidden to enter the sacred precincts of the interior, from which the king comes forth to meet them and hold a council; and the only occasion when they are admitted to the private apartments of the king is when he is attacked by a mortal disease. Their presence is then required at his bedside, and the custom of their country imposes upon them the duty of strangling the ailing patient, lest he should die a plebeian natural death, like the meanest of his subjects.

This mode of disposing of a king seems to have been adopted in Ethiopia from a very early period, with a slight variation in the mode of determining the proper time of his death; for we are told by the same Dioscorus, that the priests, whenever they pleased, sent to the king to say the gods had ordered him to die, and these 'good easy men,' one after another, obeyed their orders as readily as a Turkish Pasha puts his neck into the bowstring of the Sultan's envoy. At last one of them, Ergamenes, more tenacious of life than his predecessors, resisted the sacred command, and put a stop to the custom. He had been studying Greek philosophy, and reading many an heretical book, until he had learned to judge for himself, and doubt the divine authority of the priesthood. This cautious class of beings had not yet hit upon the expedient of excluding profane wisdom from their country; and though they had arrived at the point of treating all the rest of the community as children,

they had not yet invented a list of forbidden books, either for fear of its being a good inventory of bad things, or, more probably, from their own ignorance; and Ergamenes became too enlightened to depend for life on the caprice of the priests. Feigning, therefore, to celebrate a grand ceremony, he induced them all to attend at one of the high places; where, having a number of armed men in readiness, he put them all to death, and instituted new laws, to the great comfort of himself and his successors.

Whether the expedition of Mohammed Ali, or future intercourse with civilised people, will effect a similar change in the institutions of the Behrs, it is difficult to say; it is, however, to be hoped that no disagreement between them and the Turks will lead to another battle of the Amazons; and that, as the Turks cannot emulate the Greeks in recording the strange combat in sculpture, they will not imitate them in a real war with the female warriors of the present day.

The author of "The Remembrances of a Monthly Nurse" has given a capital German tale, called "Studenten Kneipe," full of adventure. Among the poets who appear in this volume only are, Lander, Horace Smith, C. Swain, Henry Hallam, Mrs. Romer, Sir E. L. Bulwer, R. M. Milnes, M. P., A. B. Cochrane, M. P., and J. W. Denison, M. P. From the various contributions of this class we shall select a few of the best for the amusement of our readers; and if the poetry in this volume be better than that of *The Keepsake*, it is doubtless due to the inspiration of the theme. He can be no poet whom the lovely faces and forms limned in this "Book of Beauty" would not inspire. Mark how even the grave historian is almost kindled into poetry by gazing upon the portrait of Mrs. Simon Digby:—

#### LINES ON MRS. SIMON DIGBY.

BY HENRY HALLAM, ESQ., AUTHOR OF "THE MIDDLE AGES," ETC.

"Bright be thy path in Beauty's gay career,  
And fair the Spring of life's just opening year.  
Enjoy the hour, while Youth and Hope are warm—  
While gleams with rainbow hues thy fairy-form;  
And oh! may Time but shift the changeful scene  
For sweeter cares and pleasures more serene,  
And these enchanting moments leave behind  
The tranquil bosom, and the cultured mind!"

The following is a conceit, it is true, but yet a clever one, and admirably characteristic of the author:—

#### "CONTENT AND DESIRE."

BY SIR EDWARD LYTTON BULWER, BART.

"There rested on a heap of stone  
A quiet, but a shadowy form;  
A thousand Tempests there had blown,  
And still as calm it kept its throne—  
A smiler on the storm!"

"There skimm'd the earth and roved the air  
A Shape on restless wings,  
For ever, be it foul or fair,  
Fluttering, and seeking here and there  
For undiscovered things.

"An Angel came from Heaven, and bore  
The silent Shade on high,  
Half-seen, with dim clouds floating o'er,  
To dwell, and smile for evermore  
Within the farthest sky!"

"The Flutterer on the wing, that ne'er  
Till then a goal had guess'd,  
Beholds the silent Shadow there,  
Skims Earth no more, but through the air,  
For ever upward, seeks to share,  
In vain—the Calm One's rest!"

"A guide that leads all human-kind  
That winged Fool is given—  
For aye to seek, and ne'er to find  
Till Earth be o'er—the Shade enshrined  
In clouds—but clouds of Heaven!"

We are very much pleased with the conception and execution of

#### "THE HAREEM."

BY R. M. MILNES, ESQ. M. P.

"Behind the lattice closely laced  
With filagree of choice design,—  
Behind the veil whose depth is traced  
By many a complicated line,—  
Behind the lofty garden-wall,  
Where stranger face can ne'er surprise,  
That inner world her all-in-all,  
The Eastern Woman lives and dies.  
"Husband and children round her draw  
The narrow circle where she rests;—  
His will the single perfect law,  
That scarce with choice her mind molests;  
Their birth and nurture the ground  
And meaning of her life on earth,  
She knows not elsewhere could be found  
The measure of a woman's worth.  
"If young and beautiful, she dwells  
An idol in a secret shrine,  
Where one high-priest alone dispels  
The solitude of charms divine.  
And in his happiness she lives,  
And in his honour has her own,  
And dreams not that the love she gives  
Can be too much for him alone.

"Within the gay kiosk reclined,  
Above the scent of lemon groves,  
Where bubbling fountains woo the wind,  
And birds make music to their loves,  
She lives a kind of fairy life,  
In sisterhood of fruits and flowers,  
Unconscious of the outer strife  
That wears the palpitating hours.

"And, when maturer duties rise  
In pleasures' and in passions' place,  
Her dutious loyalty supplies  
The presence of departed grace;  
So hopes she by untiring faith  
To win the bliss, to share with him  
Those glories of celestial youth  
That time can never taint or dim.

"Thus in the ever-closed hareem,  
As in the open western home,  
Sheds womanhood her starry gleam  
Over our being's busy foam;  
Through latitudes of varying faith  
Thus trace we still her mission sure,  
To lighten life, to sweeten death,  
And all for others to endure.

"Home of the East! thy threshold's edge  
Checks the wild foot that knows no fear,  
Yet shrinks, as if from sacrilege,  
When rapine comes thy precincts near:  
Existence, whose precarious thread  
Hangs on the tyrant's mood or nod,  
Beneath thy roof its anxious head  
Rests as within the house of God.

"There, though without he feels a slave,  
Compelled another's will to scan,  
Another's favour forced to crave,  
There is the subject still the man;  
There is the form that none but he  
Can touch,—the face that he alone  
Of living men has right to see,—  
Not he who fills the prophet's throne.

"Then let the moralist, who best  
Honours the female heart that blends  
The deep affections of the West  
With thoughts of life's sublimest ends,  
Ne'er to the Eastern Home deny  
Its lesser yet not humble praise,  
To guard one pure humanity  
Amid the stains of evil days."

In conclusion, we can recommend the *Book of Beauty* to all drawing-room tables, as in every respect worthy of its name.

*The Keepsake for 1844.* Edited by the COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON. Longman & Co.

THIS, the aristocrat of the annuals, appears, as usual, introduced by noble and right honourable names, profusely starring the list of contributors, but with the unusual recommendation of something more than names to attract the reader. The Countess of Blessington has exercised her wonted good taste in selecting from the mass of contributions with which the editor of a popular annual is pestered, such as are in themselves worthy of being enshrined in typography so beautiful as this, and hence, perhaps, it is that we have more than the usual number of those who can claim no other nobility than that of nature mingled with those whose titles are hereditary, and certainly without need of shame in the contrast. The engravings of *The Keepsake* maintain the reputation achieved by the earlier volumes, but as they fall rather within the province of art than of literature, to that section of *THE CRITIC* they are sent for judgment. In this place we deal only with the literary portion of the volume.

Captain Marryat opens the prose contributions with a short anecdote of a New Zealand Chief, related in his lively manner. An anonymous contributor follows with an extremely clever and interesting tale called "*The Ghost of the Private Theatricals.*" Then Mrs. S. C. Hall introduces one of her graphic sketches of character in humble life, which she has entitled "*The Daily Teacher,*" to which Redgrave's charming picture forms an apt illustration, and probably suggested the subject to the accomplished authoress. Lord William Lennox has a scrap called "*Pierson, the Wolf,*" whose best recommendation is its brevity. The editress follows with a Spanish story on "*The Danger of Coquetry,*" a pleasant narrative, gracefully told, and which it would be impossible to quit until read to the end. A short village sketch, "*The Gleaner,*" is graphically drawn by Miss Power. The Baroness de Callabrella contributes a tale of chivalry, called "*The Banquet.*" Mr. N. Michell, a story of the age of Tiberius, entitled "*June of Athens,*" which exhibits intimate acquaintance with classical history. The liveliest tale in the volume is Miss Toulmin's very clever one, which she has pitifully designated "*Management.*" A disagreeable "*Reminiscence of Baden Baden,*" is recorded by Mr. C. Hervey. The Hon. C. S. Savile relates a romantic "*Adventure in the South of Persia.*" We have been much pleased with Abbot Lee's tale of "*The Old Lady and the Young Lawyer,*"



which proves him capable of better things than he has yet accomplished. An anonymous Honourable Miss has translated the following passage from Dumas, "*Impressions de Voyage*."

"CHILLON.

"Chillon, the ancient state-prison of the Dukes of Savoy, and at present the arsenal of the Canton de Vaux, was built in 1250.

"The captivity of Bonnivard has filled it with his memory.

"Bonnivard had declared that he would sacrifice his liberty, and Berthelier his life, for the enfranchisement of his country. This mutual declaration was overheard, and when the executioners came, they found them ready to fulfil it.

"Berthelier suffered on the scaffold; and Bonnivard, transported to Chillon, experienced there a fearful captivity. He remained for six long years bound by the middle of his body to a chain, of which the other end was fastened to an iron ring firmly rivetted in a pillar, and having no liberty, nor even being able to lie down, except where the length of his chain permitted him to extend himself. Like a chained wild beast, he made the circuit of his pillar, wearing the stones with his footsteps.

"Gnawed by the thought that his captivity served nothing to the freedom of his country, and that he, with Geneva, was doomed to eternal chains, how was it that in this long night, interrupted by no day, and whose silence was only broken by the sound of the waves dashing against the walls of the chateau, that his reason did not destroy his life, or life his reason,—and that his jailor never found him either dead or senseless, while that one, single, and eternal idea must have crushed his heart and dried his brain?

"And during that time—those six years—that eternity—not a complaint, not a groan escaped him—except, doubtless, when the wind and rain beset the walls, for then his voice would be lost in the great voice of Nature, and Thou alone, oh, God! couldst distinguish his cries and lamentations. Oh! without that relief, would he not have dashed his head against the pillar, or strangled himself with his chain? Could he have lived till that day when hundreds rushed tumultuously into his prison, while their mingled voices exclaimed,

"'Bonnivard, thou art free!'

"'And Geneva?'

"'Free also!'

"Since that time the dungeon of the martyr is become a temple, and his pillar an altar. He who has a noble heart, glowing with liberty, will turn aside from his route, that he may go and kneel upon the spot where he suffered. He will seek upon the solid granite pillar, to which he was enchained so long, the characters that Bonnivard may have traced there. He will search upon the worn flag-stones for the trace of his footsteps, and fasten himself to the chain by which he was fettered, to prove whether it is still firmly fixed with the cement of so many ages.

"In 1816, on one of those beautiful nights which the Almighty seems to have made for Switzerland alone, a small skiff, leaving behind a track silvered by the broken rays of the moon, silently sailed towards the whitened walls of the Chateau de Chillon, and stopped on the margin of the lake without shock and without noise, like a swan as she lands. A man stepped ashore: he had a pale countenance, piercing eyes, and high uncovered forehead. He was wrapt in a long black cloak, which concealed his figure; but he was perceived to limp slightly in his walk. He asked to see Bonnivard's dungeon. He staid there a long time, and alone; and when they went in afterwards they found, upon the very pillar to which the martyr had been chained, a new name—BYRON."

Mr. R. Westmacott tells the "*Story of a Picture*." Miss Grace Aguilar, a name new to us, is the authoress of an extremely interesting and well written tale, called "*Lucy, or the Autumn Walk*," to our taste the gem of the volume. In proof, we extract the opening of it, descriptive of

A COUNTRY CHURCH YARD.

"The very sounds, too, were in unison with the scene. The sweet note of many an English bird, not in full chorus of melody, as in the warmth and luxury of summer, but one or two together, answered by others, as they floated to and fro in the field of azure, or paused a moment on the quivering spray. Then came the twinkling gush of a silvery stream, seeming, by its blithesome voice, to rejoice in its increase of waters from previous heavy rains. Then, sparkling and leaping in the glittering rays, like a shower of silver, a rustic water-mill became visible through the trees—the music of its splash and foam bringing forth the voice of memory yet more thrillingly than before, for it was a sound of home. We paused—when suddenly another sound floated on the air, of more mournful meaning. It was the solemn toll of a church bell, distinct, though distant, possessing all that simple sanctity peculiar to the country—that voice of waiting which comes upon the heart as if the departed whom it mourns had had its dwelling there, claiming kindred alike with our sorrows and our joys. We hurried on,

and just as we neared the ivy-mantled church, the solemn chanting of a psalm by several young and most sweet voices sounded in the dim distance, and becoming nearer and more near, proclaimed the approach of the funeral train. The peculiar mode of tolling the bell, as is customary in those primitive districts of the north of England, had already betrayed the sex of the departed, and with foreboding spirits we listened for the age. We counted twenty-one of those mournful chimes, and then they sunk in silence solemn as their sound.

"The church was situated midway on the ascent of a hill, or rather mount, guarded by a thick grove of yews and firs, their sad and pensive foliage assimilating well with the olden shrine. The ivy had clambered over the slender buttress, clustering round the old square belfry, decking age with beauty, and moss and lichen pressed forth in fantastic patches on the roof. The green earth was filled with lowly graves, thickly twined with evergreen shrubs and hardy flowering plants. Headstones and marble tombs there were, some so crusted over by the cold finger of time that even the briefest record of those who slept beneath was lost for ever. And others gleaming pure and white in the declining sun, seeming to whisper hope and faith in the very midst of desolation and death.

"The clergyman stood at the churchyard gate waiting the arrival of the corpse. He was leaning against the stone pillar which held the hinges of the gate, his head buried in his hands, and his bowed and drooping aspect breathing a more than common love. His figure was so peculiarly youthful, we wondered at his full canonical costume.

"The psalm continued: now low, as mourning the departed—now in solemn rejoicing that a ransomed soul was free. The snow-white pall which covered the coffin, the white dresses and hoods of the bearers and the young girls who, to the number of eight or ten, headed the train, confirmed the mournful tale which the bell had already told. A young girl of one-and-twenty summers was passing to her last long home. There were but few chief mourners, and these seemed struggling to subdue their grief to the composed and holy stillness meet for such an hour. As the train entered the last winding path of the ascent, the bell began again to toll, and the sound seemed to rouse the young minister from his all-absorbing grief. He started with a visible shudder, and the expression of agony that his face revealed haunted us for many a long day. There was a strong effort at control as he turned to meet the corpse, repeating as he did so, in low impressive tones, part of the burial service. He walked at the head of the train to the place appointed—the centre of a little cluster of yews; and there, in silent awe, we watched the ceremony of the interment.

"An aged minister had been among the train of mourners; and, as they entered the churchyard, had approached the officiating clergyman, evidently entreating to perform the melancholy office in his stead. The reply was merely a strong grasp of the hand, and a mournful shake of the head; and the old man fell back to his place, his eyes still fixed on his young brother, and gradually they filled with large tears, which fell unconsciously, and seemed more for the living than the dead. Once only the service was wholly inarticulate; and the old man drew near hurriedly, as fearing the calm of mental torture must at length give way; but still he struggled on, though the tone in which the awful words—'earth to earth, and dust to dust,' now at length pronounced, was as if the very spirit had been wrong to give them voice. Never did the sound of filling in the grave fall with such cold and heavy weight on our hearts, as at that moment, yet still, spell-bound we lingered.

"The early twilight of autumn had deepened the beautiful blue of the heavens, as the service concluded, and with low subdued chaunt the mourning train departed. The slender forms of the young girls, in their snowy robes, gleaming strangely and fitfully through the darkening shadows of the winding paths; their sweet young voices sounding almost like spirit music, as they faded, fainter and more faint in the far distance."

There is a great deal of merit in an anonymous contribution, entitled the "*Druid's Tale*," and *Anthony Forster*, a Border story, by Mr. R. Bernal, M.P., worthily concludes the volume.

Among the poets who grace "*The Keepsake*," we mark the names of Lord John Manners, Mr. C. Dickens, Mrs. Tom Holmes, Mrs. Maberly, Mr. C. Swain, Mrs. Abby, and others of lesser note. From them we select a few of the most worthy.

And first do we welcome CHARLES DICKENS, with

"A WORD IN SEASON.

"They have a superstition in the East,  
That ALLAN, written on a piece of paper,  
Is better unction than can come of priest  
Of rolling incense, and of lighted taper:  
Holding, that any scrap which bears that name,  
In any characters, its front impress on,  
Shall help the sinner through the purging flame,  
And give his toasted feet a place to rest on.

"Accordingly, they make a mighty fuss,  
With ev'ry wretched tract and fierce oration,  
And hoard the leaves—for they are not, like us,  
A highly civilized and thinking nation:  
And, always stooping in the miry ways,  
To look for matters of this earthly heaven,  
They seldom, in their dust-exploring days,  
Have any leisure to look up to Heaven.

"So have I known a country on the earth,  
Where darkness sat upon the living waters,  
And brutal ignorance, and toil, and dearth,  
Were the hard portion of its sons and daughters:  
And yet, where they who should have ope'd the door  
Of charity and light, for all men's finding,  
Squabbled for words upon the altar-floor,  
And rent The Book, in struggles for the binding.

"The gentlest man among these pious Turks,  
God's living image ruthlessly defaced,  
Their best high-churchman, with no faith in works,  
Bowstrings the Virtues in the market-places:  
The Christian Pariah, whom both sects curse,  
(They curse all other men, and curse each other,)  
Walks thro' the world, not very much the worse—  
Does all the good he can, and loves his brother."

There is power in these

"LINES.

"BY BARRY COENWALL.

"Out in the savage mountain—  
Down in the Khyber pass,  
Women and men, and babes at breast,  
Are mown down like the grass:  
From the dawn until the night,  
From the night until the dawn,  
Nothing is heard but Death, and curses  
From the wild Affghaan.

"They toil through the swampy rivers,  
They struggle amidst the snow,  
But wherever they turn a bullet rings,  
And a brave man lieth low.  
In vain the captain cheereth;  
The soldier he fights in vain;  
By one—and one—a thousand hearts  
Pour out the red red rain.

"Oh! many will mourn in India,  
The close of this deadly day:  
Even now there was dread and trembling hearts  
From Delhi to proud Bombay.  
The wife, in her lonely fortress,  
Keeps watch, for the distant drum;  
And the far-off mother is looking out  
For her boy—who will never come!

"Yet, sound—ye brazen trumpets!  
For, through that dark despair,  
A glory shines—like the lightning  
When it runs through the stormy air.  
There are spirits whom nought can conquer;  
And foremost of all is one,  
A WOMAN, as brave as the bravest He—  
Though she buries her bleeding son.

"She cheereth her husband absent;  
She writeth him—'NEVER YIELD!  
But be of good heart; for England  
Shall win in a future field.'  
All fame to the peerless heroine,  
Wherever our tongue prevail!  
All honour surround (like a laurel crown)  
The noble name of 'SALE!'

And prettiness in these anonymous stanzas entitled,

"THE WIFE TO HER DYING HUSBAND.

"I have loved thee in thy beauty—thy glory, and thy power,  
And shall I now desert thee, in thy sorrow-stricken hour?  
There is no hand save mine, to wipe the death-damps from  
thy brow,  
Oh! false as thou hast been to me, I will not leave thee  
now.

"Thy friends and boon companions, the gallant and the gay,  
Thy lovely and beloved ones—look round thee, where are  
they?  
No trusted friend is near thee now, no gentle love appears,  
To hang o'er thy death-swimming eyes, and bathe them  
with her tears.

"And I alone return at last, my right in thee to claim,  
I, with my sad and broken heart, my blighted hopes and  
name;  
I, with my love, which, strong as death, alike in good and  
ill,  
Hath clung to thee in scorn and shame, unchanged, un-  
changing still.

"But I come not to reproach thee (ah! would I came to  
save),  
I can but smooth the rugged path that leads thee to thy  
grave;  
But sit for ever at thy feet, weeping in hopeless woe,  
Ah, best beloved! would for thee, my own heart's-blood  
might flow.

"I have loved thee in thy glory—thy beauty, and thy power,  
And I will not now desert thee, in thy sorrow-stricken  
hour;  
There is no hand save mine, to wipe the death-damps from  
thy brow,  
Oh! dearest to my heart and soul! I will not leave thee  
now."

*Friendship's Offering of Sentiment and Mirth for*  
1844. London. Smith, Elder, & Co.

ONE of the most pleasant recollections of our  
boyish days is of a volume in richly embossed bind-  
ing, with glittering gilt leaves, adorned within by  
the very gems of the graver's art, and that which to  
us was more attractive than binding, gold, and  
pictures, pretty poetry, and still prettier tales, in

the which we revelled for a week, stretched upon the sofa, in ease of body and ecstasy of mind. The motto upon its title-page, which we connoised so often then, meets the eye now, a motto beautiful exceedingly and eloquently apt:—

"This is Affection's tribute, Friendship's Offering,  
Whose silent eloquence, more rich than words,  
Tells of the Giver's faith and truth in absence,  
And says—Forget me not!"

We remember, as if it were but yesterday, how the heart burned within us to rival the venerated beings whose names appeared upon these hot-pressed pages as the authors of the compositions that entranced us—how we strove to emulate them—how we laboured in secret at verse-making and tale-telling—how we wrote, and flung the paper into the fire, and wrote again, and finally transmitted a goodly sheet, full of stanzas, to the editor; and how we bounded with delight when our very verses and name appeared amid the envied crowd of contributors to "Friendship's Offering."

Years have flown since that happy time, and other more serious avocations have diverted our thoughts from poetry. But not the less do we hail with pleasure the re-appearance of our old friend, whom we have learned to look for as regularly as for the holly twigs at Christmas.

And he, too, has changed. He is, as he avows, "an old friend with a new face,"—his size is increased, the engravings are larger, and, if possible, more exquisitely wrought: and for the solid, but somewhat heavy coat of leather, he has put on a vest of delicate hue, profusely gilded, a very drawing-room dress, and all this without the addition of a sixpence to the price.

And with the improved size and adornments we think we discover improvement in the character of the contributions. There was a period when the annuals generally exhibited a great falling off in the quality of their literature. But there has been a marked revival of talent this year, and in none of them is it more obvious than in *Friendship's Offering*.

The engravings are noticed in the proper place among the works of art, and thither the reader is referred.

With the literature, our task will be little more than the pleasant one of selection; but amid so much that is excellent we are puzzled what to choose. We see such familiar names as Barry Cornwall, Mrs. Hall, Miss Toulmin, Lady E. S. Wortley, Leitch Ritchie, Mrs. Wilson, Mrs. James Gray, Mrs. Godwin, Mrs. Abdy, Major C. Campbell, S. C. Hall, Lord John Manners, &c., and from among them we will endeavour to gather some specimens of the editor's good taste, which will at once interest our readers and recommend "Friendship's Offering" to the patronage of those who are about to make Christmas and New Year's gifts to their friends, or to reward good children.

Here is a beautiful trait of Irish character:—

"PADDY'S BONNEEN."

"A sketch of Irish character."

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

"An incident, however slight, sometimes fixes itself upon the memory more firmly than a decided adventure, or an event of importance. I was wandering one evening in Richmond Park; we had entered its enclosure at the Ham gate, and after indulging in much speculation as to the exact spot where Jeanie Deans met Queen Caroline, frequently losing and then finding our way, we arrived, as the sun was setting, at the gates which open on the all-beautiful hill. As our home for the time being was in the pretty village of Petersham, instead of passing the Star and Garter, we turned down the wooded road to the left, catching every now and then glimpses of the Thames, as it flowed in its dignified and tranquil beauty

—through meadows ever green."

A troop of merry children were playing amid the brush-wood, whooping and calling to each other, and laughing—wild, childish laughter—the sweetest music in the world. We paused for a few moments to listen to its harmony, and then continued our homeward walk; that noise died away, but was succeeded by another, of a very different character—the voice of wailing, interrupted by bitter sobs. I could not for a moment mistake the sob of an Irish voice, it is so deep—so earnest—so altogether abandoned to the grief of the moment; nor could I forbear exclaiming: "There!—that I am sure is some poor Paddy in trouble." We hastened our descent, and as we wound down the hill soon discovered the mourner sitting on the raised foot-path. The cause of his lamentations lay at his feet, and was nothing but—a

dead pig!—not exactly a full-grown pig, but something between a 'bonneen,' or, as it is sometimes called, a 'bonif' or 'bonniveen,' and an animal arrived at pigish dignity; it was a little stout, white, lumpy thing, and upon inquiry, we learned that it had been run over by a gentleman's carriage, and its poor master was wailing over it, in such true Irish fashion as to provoke smiles, if not tears.

"My little beauty you war!" he exclaimed, clapping his hands, "the last and best of the lot. 'Oh, then, how I'll ever tell the 'oman that reared ye—the end you had, a-vourneen!—and its yerself that was the gay little pig, sure enough, from first to last; nothing could damp yer spirit, or take the innocent conceit out of ye, but what takes it out of us all! May be it wasn't yerself that wasn't as bright as the morning, and kicking yer heels at the troubles of the world not two hours ago—'an' to see ye now!—for all still as he is now, my lady, I could him this morning at Kingstone to a farmer at Eastsheen, and I was taking him home, thinking of the luck that come to me at the latter end, to sell my little craythur comfortable, and get a month's work at that same farm-house, where I'd have the satisfaction to see him stiffen, and broaden out into rale bacon, as he would in less than no time, only for the gentleman's carriage that *rouled* over him, and he divartin himself—the innocent bouchal! in the heart of the road, wid that ould hard turnip—bad luck to the hunger!—sure it makes man and mortal forget everything else! And the *fine tail* of the quality that was stuck up behind the carriage that murdered my bonaveen, turned too and abused me, for not keeping my dirty Irish pig to myself; that's the restitution I got for the life of my poor darlint of the world!—Be dad! its sorely I wanted to keep him to myself, if I'd been let, that's what I did want—sure enough!—the poor fellow paused for want of breath to continue, for he poured forth his eloquence without a single pause. I said a few words in the hopes of affording him consolation, but they only served to give fresh vigour to his grief. 'It's all very true, ma'am, and mighty kind of you to care for my trouble, which is sore enough to a poor man who left his own country to turn the penny into silver, and finds that he's worse off at the end than he was in the beginning, for the loss of one destroys the profit of the whole, and thought it's a foolish thing to say, my mind warmed to the poor little baste; it was like having one of my own children with me, trotting and grunting, and sporting, and bothering my heart out; and I could talk Irish to it, and it was surprising how it would understand me: and if I'd followed the 'ooman's advice, its not lying dead on the hard English road he'd be now, but at home. 'Leave him with me,' she says, 'till he gets hardy,' she says; 'he's not knowledgeable for travelling yet,' she says, 'but he will be in another year'; that was true for her, but I would have my own way: I said I'd take him for company to carry under my arm, for some I brought over war strangers, you understand, for the neighbours, and I thought I'd like to have him, just with myself—but he'll never see another year; and how I'll face the 'ooman I don't know!—this last idea silenced the poor fellow again: and then he muttered, 'I don't know what I shall say to her at all at all for though I could turn a thing off to another, she was always too sharp for me, and she'll say it was my fault, and maybe fancy I was *overtaken* and broke the pledge, which all above know I never did, nor never will, plaze the Almighty!'

"We inquired if he knew to whom the carriage belonged. 'Enagh, no!' he replied, shaking his head, while he mournfully stroked down the pig's ears, and brushed off the dust from its skin. 'Enagh, no!—sure carriages here are as thick as blackberries, as swift as the swallows, and as heavy as a priest's curse: sorra a farthing I'll ever get for restitution of my poor animal that I was depending on entirely towards the latter end; small count the rich takes of the poor, and if they do think of them, sure I'm only an Irishman, and the pig's only a pig; and it's the way of the country to run down both, though they uses the one, and lives on the other;—I'm nothing but an Irish man!' and while he spoke, there was bitterness on his lip, and a defiance in his eye, at open rebellion with his words. 'I'm nothing but an Irishman; sure the—the—mighty great grand gentleman behind the carriage, with more finery on his back than brains in his head, or feeling in his heart, *ould* me so, and the likes of them are nothing but the *aechoes* of their employers—I'm nothing but an Irishman!' he covered his face with his hands and wept outright; the insult he had received sank as deeply, perhaps more deeply, than the loss of his pig. We were so occupied by the poor man's grief that we did not observe the eager steps with which two fine boys came bounding up the hill.

"Mamma says," exclaimed the elder, "she is very sorry that we ran over your pig, and she desired me to give you that sovereign for your loss, and to tell you that she reproved the servant for speaking unkindly to you!"

"It would be impossible to describe the torrent of emotions that agitated the poor fellow's rugged face; softening every rigid line, while expressing the deepest

gratitude, he looked at the bright gold shining in his rough palm, then at the beautiful boys, and finished by dropping on his knees.

"I ax her honour's pardon, and God's pardon, for doing her ladyship injustice; it's what we're always doing each other, and more shame for us. May she, I pray the Almighty, never know what an heart-ache is. Sure it isn't for me not to be proud of the shining *gould*, but I'm far prouder that she did not let the hard word go against the poor Irishman,—sure the kind voice has more music in it than the *ringing of gould*; and oh, dears! if ye'd just ax her honour to come over for a while to ould Ireland, and tache them *there* to make restitution to the poor, there's not as many of us would be forced to travel England bothering the likes of yez with ourselves, and our pigs. And oh! darlint," he continued, apostrophizing his dead favourite, "sure I'm right after all, and the 'ooman wrong, and maybe I'll not tell her so; sure I might know you'd bring luck at last, and you the *ninth pig* of the litter!"

"Memories of the Second Sight," by Skelton Mackenzie, is an extremely interesting article, but too long to be extracted entire. We give a passage or two:—

"According to what is understood to be the usual custom," said he, "the faculty of which I spoke descends from grandsire to grandson, passing over the entire intermediate descendants. None of my grandfather's sons, therefore, could expect to be endowed with it, and, of his many grandsons, there appeared little chance that I—born, too, out of Scotland, and from a Saxon mother—should inherit it. Least of all, at any rate, did such an idea cross my own mind for a moment. I was in my fourteenth year, and had proceeded to spend my school vacation with a relative in the country. My father, when I left him, was in the enjoyment of that rude health which always distinguished him, and made him then, though in his sixtieth year, a much stronger man than many who were his juniors by ten or fifteen years. A few weeks passed pleasantly on, and all accounts from home were satisfactory. I well remember that, one morning, I happened to sit alone—if I can say I was alone, with one of Scott's novels in my hand—when, happening to raise my eyes towards the fire-place, over which was placed a large mirror, I saw my father standing by it, with his arm resting on the chimney-piece. My first impulse was to jump from my chair, throw aside my book, and hastily advance to my father. He did not stir, and his eyes, as they looked at another object, appeared dull and glassy. I had scarcely taken a second step forward, when I noticed that I could see into the mirror, *through* my father, and that he cast no shadow upon the glass. Instantly the thought rushed into my mind that in this there was something unnatural. My advancing steps were suddenly arrested, and a horror struck through my frame. I remember nothing more, except that, late in the day, I found myself in bed, and was told by one of my cousins that I had been taken with a fit of some kind, for I had been found senseless on the floor, and that the medical gentleman who had seen me, had bled me. I could not resist the impulse, even at the risk of being laughed at, to whisper to my gentle cousin the cause of my sudden illness. On the third day after, a letter from home told me that, at the precise time I saw what I believed was my father, he had died. He had been visited by a sudden ailment, which rapidly terminated in his death. Why this should have occurred—for it *did* occur, as certainly as I am now telling it to you—I am unable to explain. I only relate a simple fact, which neither time, change, nor circumstance can obliterate from my memory."

Leitch Ritchie's *Immoral Essays* are admirable. What sly satire and how much profound truth is there in this:—

"ON LOVE AND MARRIAGE."

"Can Love more than Friendship be considered anything else than a delusion, when the object is imaginary, however real may be the passion? It is not a creature of flesh and blood we love, but

The angel form that always walked  
In all our dreams, and looked and talked  
Exactly like Miss Brown.

As for Miss Brown herself, it would be rank inconsistency to love her two years running, for she is not the same Miss Brown. Not a particle even of her substantial bulk remains. The lips you hung on so fondly are almost as evanescent as the flower to which you liken them. The materials of the waist you encircled last year with such rapture are by this time diffused throughout the general composition of the universe. She is different even to the eye. She has grown fatter, and at the time you swore eternal constancy that superficial layer did not form the visible outline of Miss Brown, but existed in a thousand different animals and plants you know nothing about. The Miss Brown of your love was four feet eleven inches and a half; this one is five feet and half an inch. It is absurd, therefore, to say that it is the person of Miss Brown you love.



"But it is still more absurd to talk of her mental qualities as the objects of your attachment; for these never existed at all except in your imagination. If you doubt this, marry her; convert Miss Brown into Mrs. Smith, and you will find that the moral dowry you imagined had made you so rich resembles those fairy treasures that are changed into withered leaves. This transformation, however, does not take place suddenly, or you would go mad. Day after day, month after month, unwinds some charm, till when these Egyptian folds are all cast off you arrive insensibly at the caput mortuum beneath.

"But you have no right to complain of Mrs. Smith on this consummation, for the fault was yours, not hers. It was not her you loved, but yourself. The 'angel' form was a portion of your own imagination; the divine qualities were part and parcel of your own idiosyncrasy. Your admiration proceeded from vanity. Your love was self-idolatry. The idea that man and wife are one is strictly philosophical, but it is a mistake to suppose that it is the ceremony of marriage which makes them so. They were one previously, or they would not have been married at all—Miss Brown was a portion of your identity or she never would have become Mrs. Smith.

"This theory explains what would otherwise be inexplicable, the ill-assorted marriages which are the subject of so much imbecile astonishment. An accomplished man commits his fate to an ignorant woman—a woman of refined sentiments entrusts her happiness to the keeping of a man of mere instinct,—and all this often without any compulsion arising from circumstances of fortune or station. The explanation is, that the accomplished man, a victim to the illusions of passion, invests his mistress with his own accomplishments, and the refined woman her lover with her own refinement, and their union takes place through mere misapprehension. Personal beauty, in like manner, is united to deformity—for there is no limit to the power of this enchantment,—and thus Miss Brown never finds out, till some months after the wedding, that what she had been accustomed to call the engaging cast of Mr. Smith's eye is a downright and hideous squint.

"Tastes have their revolutions as well as fashions, although they may have a wider orbit. If you love your mistress for her sentiment, her moonlight walks, her passion for poetry, is it consistent with reason—nay, with constancy—to continue to love her when she cries 'fudge!' as often as Mr. Burchell, doats upon candle-light and cards, and reads nothing with interest but the book of fashions? If it was her downcast eyes that betrayed your heart, her exquisitely slender waist, her interesting delicacy of nerves, will you stultify yourself by loving her still when she stares you in the face as unblushingly as an attorney, when it takes your two arms to clasp her round, when she marches through the miseries of the world like a dragon on a battle-field?

"Then are there no blissful courtships, and no fortunate marriages? A few. Let us not forget that the change described above takes place in *both* parties. If Mr. Smith still lingers in his moonlight walks with the angel form of Miss Brown, after the said Miss Brown, vulgarised into Mrs. Smith, sits down to her cards and candle-light, the union will be unhappy; but if on the contrary Mr. S. is fortunate enough to get a little twinge of rheumatism which gives him a distaste for the romance of evening, and inclines him rather to bestow his legs under the mahogany till Mrs. S. sends for him twice, you may assume with tolerable certainty that they are a happy couple. Some wedded pairs are praised for their constancy, occasioned by similarity of tastes, whereas the whole secret lies in their conformity in *change*. If these great truths were generally understood, the single would not hesitate so long as they sometimes do about giving away their hearts and hands, convinced as they would be that we can only answer for the present, and that no human foresight can penetrate the future; while the married, instead of talking nonsense about 'incompatibility,' would humour one another's changes of tastes and tempers, and trundle their canisters with patience if not good-humour. In fine, your grand consolation is, that the object of your love was from the first an imaginary one, and you should not be so silly as to grieve for ascertaining by personal experience a philosophical truth."

J. R., of Christchurch, Oxford, contributes a very clever poem, entitled "*The Battle of Montanotte*," from which we can extract only a single passage,—the conclusion, descriptive of the present aspect of the scene.

"With bended head, and breathless tread  
The traveller tracks that silent shore,  
Oppressed with thoughts that seek the dead,  
And visions that restore;  
Or lightly trims his pausing bark,  
Where lies the ocean lulled and dark  
Beneath the marble mounds that stay  
The strength of many a bending bay,  
And lace with silver lines the flow  
Of tideless waters to and fro,  
As drifts the breeze, or dies,  
That scarce recalls its lightness, left  
In many a purple-curtained cleft,

Whence to the softly lighted skies  
Low flowers lift up their dark blue eyes,  
To bring by fits the deep perfume  
Alternate, as the bending bloom  
Diffuses or denies.  
Above, the slopes of mountain shine  
Where glows the citron, glides the vine,  
And breathes the myrtle wildly bright,  
And aloes lift their lamps of light,  
And ceaseless sunbeams clothe the calm  
Of orbéd pine and vaulted palm,  
Dark trees, that sacred order keep,  
And rise in temples o'er the steep—  
Eternal shrines, whose columned shade  
Though winds may shake, and frosts may fade,  
And dateless years subdue,  
Is softly builded, ever new,  
By angel hands, and wears the dread  
And stillness of a sacred place,  
A sadness of celestial grace,  
A shadow, God-inhabited.

And all is peace, around, above;  
The air all balm, the light all love,  
Enduring love, that burns and broods  
Serenely o'er these solitudes;  
Or pours at intervals a part  
Of Heaven upon the wanderer's heart,  
Whose subject soul and quiet thought  
Are open to be touched or taught,  
By mute address of bud and beam,  
Of purple peak and silver stream,—  
By sounds that fall at nature's choice,  
And things whose being is their voice;  
Innumerable tongues that teach  
The will and ways of God to men,  
In waves that beat the lonely beach,  
And winds that haunt the homeless glen,  
Where they, who ruled the rushing deep,  
The restless and the brave,  
Have left along their native steep,  
The ruin, and the grave.

And he, who gazes while the day  
Departs along the boundless bay,  
May find against its fading streak  
The shadow of a single peak,  
Seen only when the surges smile,  
And all the heaven is clear,  
That sad and solitary isle.  
Where captive from his red career,  
He sank who shook the hemisphere:  
Then, turning from the hollow sea,  
May trace, across the crimsoned height  
That saw his earliest victory,  
The purple rainbow's resting light,  
And the last lines of storms that fade  
Within the peaceful evening shade."

A scrap of humour will agreeably vary the selection.

#### "THE HEIGHT OF HONESTY."

"Three friends once, in the course of conversation,  
Touched upon honesty. 'No virtue better,'  
Says Dick, quite lost in sweet self-admiration;  
'I'm sure I'm honest, ay, beyond the letter.  
You know the field I farm,—well, underground  
My plough stuck in the middle of a furrow,  
And there a pot of silver coins I found.  
My landlord has it, without fail, to-morrow.'  
So modestly his good intents he told.  
'But wait,' says Bob, 'we soon shall see who's best.  
A stranger left with me uncounted gold,  
And I don't touch it. Which is honestest?'  
'Your deeds are pretty good,' says Jack, 'but I  
Have done much better (would that all folks learned it!)  
Hear then the highest pitch of honesty,—  
I borrowed an umbrella,—and returned it!'"

There is great merit in the following, by Mrs. GODWIN:—

#### "THE VOICE OF THE NEGLECTED."

"A wild and melancholy voice went thrilling through the  
bowers,  
Where hung on many a drooping spray, the wan autumnal  
flowers;  
The birch-tree's silvery stem was tinged with sunset's  
crimson blush,  
When that complaining voice disturbed the solemn even-  
hush.

It said, 'I once was beautiful, endowed with perfect grace,  
My fragrance filled the air around in this secluded place;  
The ruby stain my petals wore no cunning could impart,  
The dew-drop glittering there outshone the finest gem of art.

'I might have wreathed the festive hall or crowned the  
sparkling wine,  
I might have decked an altar proud with that rich bloom  
of mine,  
I might have bound a warrior's brow, 'mid laurels clinging  
there,  
I might have lent another charm to maiden young and fair;

'But here I perish in the shade while ruthless winds sweep  
by,  
And one by one my leaflets fall in dull obscurity;  
The sweetness this frail breast inurn'd, unheeded was  
poured forth,  
Dishonour'd even as I had been a vile weed nothing worth.'

Thus wailed the voice, and thus, how oft, neglected and  
forlorn,  
Pale Genius, where no ear attends, o'er blighted hope doth  
mourn!  
Vain seems the boon of life, yet death has gloomier terrors  
still,  
For one who yearns to win a name whose sound all time  
should fill.

\* Elba.

Peace, murmurer, peace! and oh! believe 'tis better far to  
dwell  
Unknown amid sequester'd shades, within earth's lowliest  
cell,  
Than idly in the world's false glare to flaunt your short-  
lived day,  
By turns an idol and a slave, then spurned and cast away."

We conclude with one other production of the  
pen of J. R.; but it is so beautiful, that we make  
no apology for extracting it entire. It is entitled

#### "A WALK IN CHAMOUNI."

"Together on the valley, white and sweet,  
The dew and silence of the morning lay;  
Only the tread of my disturbing feet  
Did break with printed shade and patient beat  
The crisped stillness of the meadow way;  
And frequent mountain waters, welling up  
In crystal gloom beneath some mouldering stone,  
Curdled in many a flower-enamelled cup  
Whose soft and purple border, scarcely blown,  
Budded beneath their touch, and trembled to their tone.

The fringed branches of the swinging pines  
Closed o'er my path; a darkness in the sky,  
That barred its dappled vault with rugged lines,  
And silver network,—interwoven signs  
Of dateless age and deathless infancy;  
Then through their aisles a motion and a brightness  
Kindled and shook; the weight of shade they bore  
On their broad arms, was lifted by the lightness  
Of a soft shuddering wind, and what they wore  
Of jewelled dew, was strewn about the forest floor.

That thrill of gushing wind and glittering rain  
Onward amid the woodland hollows went,  
And hied by turns the drooping boughs complain  
O'er the brown earth, that drank in lightless stain  
The beauty of their burning ornament;  
And then the roar of an enormous river  
Came on the intermittent air uplifted,  
Broken with haste. I saw its sharp waves shiver,  
And its wild weight in white disorder drifted,  
Where by its beaten shore the rocks lay heaped and  
rifted.

But yet unshattered, from an azure arch†  
Came forth the nodding waters, wave by wave,  
In silver lines of modulated march,  
Through a broad desert, which the frost-winds parch  
Like fire, and the resounding ice-falls pave  
With pallid ruin—wastes of rock—that share  
Earth's calm and ocean's fruitfulness. Undone  
The work of ages lies, through whose despair  
Their swift procession dancing in the sun,  
The white and whirling waves pass mocking one by one.

And with their voice—unquiet melody—  
Is filled the hollow of their mighty portal,  
As shells are with remembrance of the sea;  
So might the eternal arch of Eden be  
With angels' wail for those whose crowns immortal  
The grave-dust dimmed in passing. There are here,  
With azure wings and scimitars of fire,  
Forms as of Heaven, to guard the gate, and rear  
Their burning arms afar—a boundless choir—  
Beneath the sacred shafts of many a mountain spire.  
Countless as clouds, dome, prism, or pyramid,  
Pierced through the mist of morning scarce withdrawn,  
Signing the gloom like beacon fires, half hid  
By storm—part quenched in billows—or forlorn  
Their function by the fullness of the dawn:  
And melting mists and threads of purple rain  
Fretted the fair sky where the east was red,  
Gliding like ghosts along the voiceless plain,  
In rainbow hues around its coldness shed,  
Like thoughts of loving hearts that haunt about the dead.

And over these, as pure as if the breath  
Of God had called them newly into light,  
Free from all stain of sin, or shade of death,  
With which the old creation travaileth,  
Rose the white mountains, through the infinite  
Of the calm concave heaven; inly bright  
With lustre everlasting and intense,  
Serene and universal as the night,  
But yet more solemn with pervading sense  
Of the deep stillness of omnipotence.

Deep stillness! for the throbs of human thought  
Count not the lonely night that pauses here,  
And the white arch of morning findeth not,  
By chasm or Alp, a spirit or a spot  
Its call can waken, or its beams can cheer.  
There are no eyes to watch, no lips to meet  
Its messages with prayer; no matin bell  
Touches the delicate air with summons sweet;—  
That smoke was of the avalanche; that knell  
Came from a tower of ice that into fragments fell.

Ah! why should that be comfortless—why cold,  
Which is so near to Heaven? The lowly earth  
Out of the blackness of its charnel mould  
Feeds its fresh life, and lights its banks with gold;  
But these proud summits, in eternal dearth,  
Whose solitudes nor mourning know, nor mirth,  
Rise passionless and pure, but all unblest,  
Corruption—must it root the brightest birth?  
And is the life that bears its fruitage best,  
One neither of supremacy nor rest?"

We have marked half a dozen other contribu-  
tions of equal merit with these, but we have already  
exceeded the allotted space, and we close this  
volume of *Friendship's Offering* confidently com-  
mending it to the patronage of our readers.

\* The white mosses on the mezele, when the tree is very  
old, are singularly beautiful, resembling frost-work of silver.

† Source of the Arveron.

‡ "The vapour or dust of dry snow which rises after the fall  
of a large avalanche, sometimes looks in the distance not un-  
like the smoke of a village."

*The Philosophy of Shakspeare, extracted from his Plays, and interspersed with Remarks.* By MICHAEL HENRY RANKIN. London. Whitaker and Co.

*Religious and Moral Sentences culled from the Works of Shakspeare, compared with sacred passages drawn from Holy Writ, &c.* By a Member of the Shakspeare Society. London, 1843. Calkin and Budd.

PROBABLY there is not a book in the world from which so many other books have been made as the works of Shakspeare. There are few branches of literature which have not been enriched by a volume of goodly size culled from the wondrous writings of this universal genius. Within our own brief memory, we have witnessed the birth of goodly tomes devoted severally to the gathering of "*the Wit of Shakspeare*"—the most sparkling budget ever collected by the gleaner of good sayings: "*the Humour of Shakspeare*"—the most laughter-moving miscellany in our language: "*the Poetry of Shakspeare*," before whose perfections all other poets veil their brows—a poetry that sinks into the soul, and becomes a part of thought, an element in the breath of our lives: "*the Natural History of Shakspeare*," displaying the most accurate knowledge of animal biography: "*the Bolony of Shakspeare*," proving him

"A lover of the woods  
And mountains, and of all that we behold  
On this green earth."

"*the Law of Shakspeare*," shewing how well read he was in legal lore: "*the Historical Passages of Shakspeare*," telling of hours spent over the pages of the chroniclers: "*the Classics of Shakspeare*," exhibiting a mastery over the learned languages, and an acquaintance with the treasures they enshrine.

And now, to complete the series, we have "*the Philosophy of Shakspeare*," and "*the Religion and Ethics of Shakspeare*," both of them volumes of considerable size, and stuffed to overflowing with the best things that ever have been uttered on the subjects to which they relate—each a perfect mine of treasure, where new riches open upon us at every step, until we are bewildered by the prodigal wealth with which we are surrounded.

For our own part, we dearly love such volumes of selections as those upon our desk; they reveal many a passage which, though often read, has never attracted the notice it commands now that it is presented to us apart from the crowd of kindred splendors with which it was surrounded in the pages of the poet: just as we dwell with delight upon a little landscape gem suspended alone in a boudoir, which in the blaze of the exhibition-room, amid the glare of larger and grander pictures, we had passed without examination. Therefore we accept such volumes as these of Mr. Rankin and the Member of the Shakspeare Society almost as new contributions to literature, for they certainly introduce to the notice of the general reader a multitude of excellencies which perchance he has not noted, and never might have discovered but for the friendly aid of such discerning and tasteful guides.

Moreover, selections such as these are serviceable if they do no more than assist us to something like a comprehension of the genius, the off-pourings of whose exuberance they have culled; or, we should rather say, they reveal the gigantic proportions we try to measure in our mind's eye, but cannot; they are homage tributes of men who feel that Genius is the purest manifestation of Divinity which Heaven has permitted to us in this our mortal state; and for all these reasons they are right welcome to the family circle—they should be found on every table at home, and travel in the pocket when we go abroad: they are an endless feast.

With these preliminary remarks we will now proceed to examine more particularly the contents of the two volumes which gave rise to them.

And first, of Mr. Rankin's "*Philosophy of Shakspeare*." It was suggested—so he informs us in his preface—by the following passage in a periodical of recent date:—"The Beauties of Shakspeare have been collected; the *Philosophy of Shakspeare* might make up a most interesting volume." On this hint he wrote, and this neat book, of no less than 238 pages, is the result of his research.

His plan is simple enough. Under such titles as "Adversity," "Ambition," "Anger," &c., arranged in alphabetical order, he cites the passages illustrative of them, and generally he appends a few brief comments of his own in explanation, or assent,

or question of the truth of the philosophy of the poet. These remarks are distinguished for the good sense and feeling which pervade them, and which prove the author to possess a well-balanced mind, and to be a man of reflection as well as of taste.

Take as a specimen of the manner of the work Shakspeare's Philosophy on the subject of Physiognomy, and Mr. Rankin's explanation of seeming contradictions in it.

#### PHYSIOGNOMY.

"*Leonato*. Which is the villain? Let me see his eyes;  
That when I note another like him,  
I may avoid him.

*Much ado about Nothing*. Act v. Scene 1.

"*Polixenes*. I saw his heart in his face.

*Winter's Tale*. Act i. Scene 2.

"*Duncan*. There's no art.

To find the mind's construction in the face.

*Macbeth*. Act i. Scene 4.

"*Pembroke*. The image of a wicked heinous fault

Lives in his eye; that close aspect of his

Does show the mood of a much troubled breast.

*King John*. Act iv. Scene 2.

"*King John*. A fearful eye thou hast: where is that blood

That I have seen inhabit in those cheeks?

So foul a sky clears not without a storm:

Pour down thy weather!

*Ibid*.

"*Scroop*. Men judge by the complexion of the sky

The state and inclination of the day:

So may you by my dull and heavy eye,

My tongue hath but a heavier tale to say.

*King Richard II*. Act iii. Scene 2.

"*Northumberland*. Yea, this man's brow, like to a title

leaf.

Foretells the nature of a tragic volume;

So looks the strand, whereon the imperious flood

Hath left a witness'd usurpation.

Thou tremblest; and the whiteness in thy cheek

Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.

*2nd part King Henry IV*. Act i. Scene 1.

"*Q. Margaret*. Who cannot steel a shape that means

deceit?

*2nd part King Henry VI*. Act iii. Scene 1.

"*Gloster*. Sweet prince, the untainted virtue of your

years

Hath not yet divid'd into the world's deceit;

No more can you distinguish of a man.

Than of his outward show; which, God he knows,

Seldom, or never, jumpeth with the heart.

*King Richard III*. Act iii. Scene 1.

"*Cæsar*. Let me have men about me that are fat;

Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights;

Yond' Cassius has a lean and hungry look;

He thinks too much; such men are dangerous.

*Julius Cæsar*. Act i. Scene 2.

"There are here some apparently contradictory extracts relating to physiognomy, but which are easily enough reconciled. 'I saw his heart in his face,' says one. 'There is no art to find the mind's construction in the face,' says another. They are both true. It is man's hypocrisy that explains the paradox: for as Shakspeare afterwards remarks,

"No more can you distinguish of a man,

Than of his outward show; which, God he knows,

Seldom, or never, jumpeth with the heart."

"The sum of the matter is this: when a man is

honest, you can sometimes trace the effect of passion

and temper in his countenance. But habits of decep-

tion and conventional form generally prevent your

doing so. As an index of the mind, physiognomy is

next to useless. You will often see a clever man with

the general character of his physiognomy on ordinary

occasions exceedingly stupid; whilst the reverse hold-

ing; for some folks, without two ideas in their head,

have the knack of infusing a certain brilliancy of ex-

pression closely counterfeiting a flash of genius. La-

ter brought physiognomy into fashion for a time,

but there seem to be insuperable obstacles to its ever

becoming a science of much worth.

"Some thoughtless persons compare it with phre-

nology, which stands on a totally different ground.

Whether the latter science be true or false, it is cer-

tain that a phrenological development cannot be

counterfeited. A man cannot alter the shape of his

skull at pleasure."

We add the section on Truth, mainly for the

sake of the passage from *Paracelsus*, which appears

in Mr. Rankin's note.

#### TRUTH.

"Not to be spoken at all times.

"*Gonzalo*. The truth you speak doth lack some gentle-

ness,

And time to speak it in: you rub the sore,

When you should bring the plaster.

*Tempest*, Act ii. Scene 1.

"*Truth in Actions*.

*Proteus*. Truth hath better deeds, than words, to grace it.

*Two Gentlemen of Verona*. Act ii. S. enc. 2.

"*Truth peaceful*.

"*Norfolk*. . . . Truth hath a quiet breast.

*King Richard II*. Act i. Scene 3.

"*Truth perennial*.

"*Prince*. Is it upon record? or else reported

Successively from age to age?

"*Buckingham*. Upon record, my gracious lord.

\* "Mr. Stevens, in explanation of this simile, mentions that in Shakspeare's time, it was usual to make the title page, and also intermediate leaves of elegies, totally black."

"*Prince*. But say, my lord, it were not register'd:  
Methinks the truth should live from age to age  
As 'twere retained to all posterity.

*King Richard III*. Act iii. Scene 1.

"Truth has always been so difficult to find, that men have been extremely fond of speculating as to the locality of its residence, and 'prating of its whereabouts.' It was generally considered a settled fact that it lived somewhere very much out of the way; and with this notion in his head we all know that one writer has declared 'it lies hid at the bottom of a well.'

"I am happy to say, however, that Mr. Browning has at length discovered its snug domicile; and that we have not so far to travel to meet with it, as has been imagined. I make no apology for giving my readers the benefit of the whole passage. Its talented author, having found out truth, will not object to its spread in all directions.

"Truth is within ourselves: it takes no rise  
From outward things, whatever you may believe;  
There is an i most centre in us all,  
Where Truth abides in fulness; and, around,  
Wall within wall, the gross flesh hems it in;  
Perfect and true Perception—which is Truth:  
A baffling and perverting carnal mesh,  
Which blinds it, and makes Error: and, 'to know,'  
Rather consists in opening out a way  
Whence the imprison'd splendour may dart forth,  
Than in effecting entry for the light.

"*Paracelsus*."

Certainly we cannot speak of the volume that collects the *Religion of Shakspeare* with the same unqualified satisfaction. The work is ill-planned and badly executed. The compiler has gathered in one page certain passages in Shakspeare, and on the opposite page, in parallel rows, sentences from the Bible, in which he finds, or fancies he finds, a correspondence with the language of the dramatist. It must be admitted that many of these analogies are too plain to be mistaken, but a still greater number are altogether imperceptible, and could have been suggested only by the power of a fancy which had gone to work purposely to make what it could not find. It not unfrequently occurs that the passage stated at the top of the page to be "a correspondence," has no other likeness than the accidental presence of the same word in the parallel sentences.

What, for instance, will be thought of such "corresponding passages" as these?—

#### ANGEL.

"And her immortal part with angels lives.—*Romeo and Juliet*. v. 1.

"He shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.—*Psalms* xci.

#### ANSWER.

"By the eternal God! whose name and power thou tremblest at, answer that I shall ask.—2 Hen. VI. i. 4.

"The baptism of John, was it from Heaven or of men?—Answer me.—*Mark* xi."

But this sort of trifling occupies only a portion of the volume; the latter part of it is devoted more pleasingly to a collection of religious and moral sentences from Shakspeare, with which the only fault we have to find is, that they are strung together miscellaneously, so that if we need the extracts on any one subject, they are not to be had without wading through the entire mass. This materially detracts from the utility of the volumes, and should be amended in a second edition. The editor has subjoined a few short essays on passages in Shakspeare's history—the results of his antiquarian researches. In his preface he presents a brief sketch of the youth of the poet. From this we select one passage, which has at least the merit of ingenuity, if it be only a flight of fancy.

"That he felt the advantages of study as well as its pleasures, is exemplified in the advice given to *Lucentio* upon the subject of study.

—Continue your resolve,

To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy.

Only \* \* \* while we do admire

This virtue and this moral discipline,

Let's be no stoics, nor no monks, I pray;

Or so devote to Aristotle's *etics*,

As *Ovid* be an outcast quite a-jured.

Talk logic with acquaintance that you have,—

And practice rhetoric in your common talk,—

Music and poetry, use to quicken you;—

The mathematics and the metaphysics.

Fall to them, as you find your stomach serves you:

No profit grows, where is no pleasure ta'en:

In brief, Sir, study what you most affect."

*Taming of the Shrew*, Act i. Scene 1.

In the foregoing lines his attachment to the higher branches of philosophy are most manifest; but although his mental powers were capable of embracing every thing within the span of human intellect, it is clear he felt that his early education, and his station in life, had not led him into the school of Aristotle, but that the decree of Providence had placed him upon



Mount Parnassus, and had wedded him to the Muses.

"However, we cannot omit to notice the incidents wherein we find him philosophizing, viz., when, during a violent storm, he says:—

'First let me talk with this philosopher:—  
What is the cause of thunder?'

King Lear, Act iii. Scene 4.

Then, again, his observation of the distinct locality of the polar star—of which he says,—

'I am constant as the Northern Star,  
Of whose true, fixed, and resting quality,  
There is no fellow in the firmament:  
The skies are painted with unnumbered sparks,—  
They are all fire—and every one doth shine—  
But there's but one, in all, doth hold his place!'

Julius Caesar, Act iii. Scene 1.

Here is a manifestation of his knowledge of the changes in the positions of the stars, through the effect of the rotation of the earth. But what shall we say, how shall we express our surprise and admiration at his distinctly defining the principle of gravitation long before Sir Isaac Newton was born,—to whom the merit of the discovery has been so honourably attributed, from his enlarged and scientific explanations of its operating effects, acting throughout the whole system of the Universe? As it applies to our Earth, it is thus defined by Shakespeare:—

'—Time, force, and death,  
Do to this body what extremes they can;  
But the strong base and building of my love,  
Is, as the very centre of the earth,  
Drawing all things to it.'

Troilus and Cressida, Act iv. Scene 2.

Here is an instance of intellectual supremacy, that at least approaches to inspiration; and it would indeed be 'gliding refined gold,' to adduce any additional instance to illustrate his gifted intellect,—for we may justly say that he possessed a mind

'So perfect, and so peerless; seem'd created  
Of every creature's best.'

Tempest, Act iii. Scene 1.

We must, however, give one trait of his intimate knowledge of the innate qualities, and apparent states, of the human mind. The case is a medical one, and his analysis of it is so clear, and so precise, that the President of the College of Physicians, in a lecture to that body, introduced it, to illustrate his own discourse upon Insanity; as an exemplary definition of that disease. It is in the scene where Hamlet rebukes his mother for her marriage with his uncle, and she charges him with being 'in ecstasies,'—he says in reply,—

'Ecstasy!  
My pulse as yours doth temperately keep time,  
And makes as healthful music. It is not madness  
That I have uttered: bring me to the test,  
And I the matter will re-word; which madness  
Would gambol from.'

Hamlet, Act iii. Scene 4.

Can any thing be more definite or more lucid upon the subject?"

Lower's Historical Essays on English Surnames.  
2nd Edition. London, 1843. Smith.

THE manner in which surnames were formed it is not difficult to discover: though the precise origin of many names are familiar, it is impossible to trace others through the changes which they have undergone from the inability of the owners to write, and, therefore, to preserve their true spelling, and the desire of friends to abbreviate long designations. Originally, the only name of each individual was that which we now term the Christian name; but, as men multiplied, some other mark of distinction was necessary; individual Johns were then marked by some peculiarity of person or of employment—as John the Carpenter, Tom Strong-in-the-Arm, James the Smith, and so forth, which, in the next generation, was adopted as the patronymic, and the next John, and Tom, and James, descended from the loins of the worthies above-named, were called John Carpenter, Tom Strong-in-the-Arm, James Smith, or it may be Smithson. In this manner every existing name had its origin.

Mr. Lower's most amusing little volume enters into all the minute mysteries of the subject, and offers a mass of information relating to names, which, trifling as the topic appears, it must have occupied years of toil to bring together; and he has exercised much sound judgment in the arrangement of his material. It is an amusing as well as a very curious book, and not without its utility, from the antiquarian lore it has gathered. Anecdote is freely interspersed, and here is one.

LORD LYTTLETON AND EARL TEMPLE.

"The late Lord Orford used to relate that a dispute once arose in his presence, in the way of railery, between the late Earl Temple and the first Lord Lyttleton, on the comparative antiquity of their families. Lord Lyttleton concluded that the name of Grenville was originally *Green-field*; Earl Temple insisted that it was derived from *Grand-ville*. 'Well then,' said Lord Lyttleton, 'if you will have it so, my family

may boast of the higher antiquity, for *Little Towns* were certainly antecedent to *Great Cities*; but if you will be content with the more humble derivation, I will give up the point, for *Green Fields* were certainly more ancient than either.'"

Among the rest he has strung together the

#### ODDITIES OF NOMENCLATURE.

"I trust that the gentle reader will do me the justice to acknowledge that I have been tolerably successful in the appropriation of surnames to the various classes to which they belong; but he really must excuse me if I do not so much as attempt either to classify or explain such names as Overhead, Challenge, Pennyfeather, Merryweather, Starkweather, Haydag, Brownsword, Physic, Wigg, Sustenance, and Nothing! Snare, Nerd, Snifox, Brace, Hazard, Horsenail, and Music! Emblem, Mummery, Portwine, Doors, Theme, Tomb, and Vesper! Chataway, Sermon, Coffin, Fancy, and Pickfat! Quick fall, Parcel, Casement, Window, and Fudge! What can we say to compounds such as these: Look up, Stand fast, Small-page, God-me-fetch, and Weed all? Good-year, Twice-a-day, Small-shoe, Good lad, May powder, and Pay-body? Small-piece, Still-well, Ride-out, and Quick-fall? Good-be here, Full-away, God-helpe, Gay-lord, Twelve-trees, and Twenty-man? Rue-gain, Pop-kiss, Tram-pleasure, Doo little, Tread-away, Clap shoe, Gather-coal, and Shake-lady? Rush-out, Well-fit, Met-calf, Go-lightly. Tip-lady, Tap-lady, and Top-lady, Gather-good and Scatter good have some propriety, but what shall be said of Lady-man, Go-to-bed, Hear-say, Thick-broom, and Leather-barrow, House-go, Crown-in-shield, Hood-less, Cheese-wright, and Honey-loom? Small-bones, Bean-bulk, White-leg, and Buck-thought? Bran-shop, Dip-rose, Spar-shot, Hugg-up, and Middle-stitch? Strange-ways, Bird-whistle, Drink-water, Drink-milk, Drink dregs, and to conclude, that *ne plus ultra* of all that is odd, ludicrous, and polysyllabic in English surnames, GOD-LOVE-MI-LADY?"

"The following names may fairly rank under this category: Boast, Bragg, Blow, Bias, Cure, Cheap, Cant, Clammy, Duel, Sp-ck, Spike, Shirt, Tuck, Pick, Tremble, Slumber, Pant, Whip, Much, Skim, Battle (local?), Priesthood, Worship, Gossip, Gabel, Open, Shut, Treble, and Bass (in one street in London), Mummery, Foppery, Simp-r, Grieve, Self, Gaze, Ogle, Catch-side, Cap-stick, Dink-row, Duck-wit, Drake-up, Pick-up, Card-up, Luck-up, Broxhup, Green-up, Woolfork, Pitch-fork, Stand-even, Garman-sway, Smooth-man, Kettle-band, Kettle-strings (!), Red-rings, Suck-smith, Hug-back, Rake-straw, Inch-board, and Great-rakes.

"What, without conveying the slightest idea of their meaning, can be more absurd than the following—Twitty, Nut-hy, Jowsy, Snarry, Vitty, Thruttles, Jagger, Wox, Fligg, Jibb, Ragg, Lutt, and Brabbs?"

"It is but right to state that the authentic list from which the above names have been selected was compiled in part from such authorities as the police reports and the Newgate Calendar. Hence, probably a great many of them are but sobriquets and 'aliases.' *Pillage* was literally the name of a thief brought not long since before the magistrates at Bath; and a female brought before the Lord Mayor bore the ominous cognomen of *Comeagain*, which she averred to be her true and only name!"

## MUSIC.

### Summary.

THE event of the month is the arrival of a pianist from the remotest parts of Germany, who unites the grace of Thalberg with the power of Lizt, and promises to be, if he is not already, the greatest master of the instrument the world has yet seen.

BUDDEUS—such is the name of this astonishing genius—is a young man, scarcely nineteen years old, tall, of slim figure, with a face that has no traces of the mind to which it should be the index; of swarthy complexion, his eye singularly mild and amiable, in manner most unaffected, and appearing utterly unconscious of the almost super-human powers with which he is gifted. In company he is modest and retiring. He speaks our language but imperfectly, but to the best of his ability he freely informs the inquirer the story of his life, his labours, his past successes, and his

\* Brady's Dissertation.

† There is a physician of this name.

‡ The name of a shoemaker at Springfield, Essex.

§ Camden has this among local names; but query, where is the place situated?

|| Many of these are questionless corruptions of local names. Those names terminating in UP are probably corruptions of *hope*, explained in Essay III.

aspirings. At the age of seven years his musical talent first displayed itself. His father, who is a noble, of Russian descent, destined him for a military life, but the passion for music was too strong in him to be resisted, and necessity seconding the claims of nature, the proud father yielded, and the boy was permitted to follow the bent of his genius. This developed itself with wonderful rapidity, and industry almost unexampled was brought by the youth in aid of the impulses of his soul. Day and night he toiled in his vocation, scarcely quitting the instrument he had resolved to master, as none had commanded it before him. He visited various courts of Europe, and in all was received with the applause due to his accomplishments. He is now about to try his fortunes in Great Britain, where real worth rarely fails to reap a golden harvest.

And a prodigy indeed he is. The instrument *lives* and *speaks* under his hand: it becomes endowed with intelligence, and seems to be a part of himself, rather than a distinct thing, so rapidly does it give utterance to the harmonies that flood his inspired mind. An air floats through his brain, and on the instant is made audible upon the instrument, over whose keys his fingers play so rapidly, that the keenest eye cannot follow them. Nor one air only does he thus express; we have counted four or five distinct themes, rolling at once, each audible, yet all blending and harmonizing, as if as many different players were striking the chords together. And his touch is as resplendent for its delicacy as for its rapidity—such light, thin tones—such silvery music we never heard—save from that prodigy of sound, old Lindley's violoncello. Then the player; he is all imagination—wholly absorbed in his theme—forgetful of the place and persons about him, as he pours forth his very soul in music.

He has played to the Queen and the Queen Dowager more than once, and he is preparing for a public exhibition. But, great as he is, he will be greater, because he is resolved to be so. When you, reader, desire to achieve greatness, remember what we tell you of this great musical genius, who, at the age of 19, has surpassed all previous masters of the instrument to which he has devoted his life. He daily begins to practise at six o'clock in the morning, nor quits his task till one. Again in the evening he resumes his labours, and even when he retires to his bed, he carries a nest of keys with him, upon which he exercises his fingers as he lulls himself to sleep, and when he wakes. This is perseverance, and continued now that he has obtained so great a fame, promises wonders far beyond those which he has yet achieved. His accompaniments are beautiful; subdued, tasteful, expressive, without a thought at self-display, and having the single purpose to aid the singer. As yet we have only enjoyed his genius in private; shortly we shall have occasion to speak of its public exhibition.

In the musical world nothing has been published claiming particular notice. There has been the usual quantity of trashy songs and spiritless quadrilles to supply those who have a rage for new music, without reference to its quality, but nothing that we can recommend. We have heard of a work in preparation by that delightful composer, Horn, which, if the music be equal to the theme, will make a sensation in our drawing-rooms. Next month we hope to be able to give a more particular account of it.

## ART.

### Summary.

UNQUESTIONABLY, as regards Art, the most "flat and unprofitable" of the twelve months is November. It now draws to a close, but there is little stirring, and in vain we look back for what it has produced. In fact, the artist, at this gloomy period, has but small means of challenging attention, so, shut up in his *atelier*, he labours as long as the brief

daylight lasts, aiming laudably at *great things* for the next year's market. The provincial exhibitions, we were rejoiced to hear, have been on the whole more than usually successful during the past season. This, we apprehend, may in a great measure be attributed to the extension, now pretty general, of Art Unions throughout the country. These (though they afford just grounds for objection on more points than one), from the excitement of *chance benefit* which they offer, the local interests and prejudices which they create, attract to pictures and prints the attention of parties who otherwise might never have thought of them. A new action is thus set up in the public mind. That inquisitiveness into the merits and peculiarities of subjects he is ignorant of, which, happily for his advancement, forms part of man's nature, imperatively demands to be gratified; therefore he looks at works of art, he likes them; again and again this happens, unconsciously he is studying them, his taste silently improves, a novel and highly agreeable source of intellectual pleasure thenceforward is added to existence, and eventually from this slight cause he learns to love and cherish those very arts that once from apathy he neglected, or possibly from ignorance despised. The establishment, then, of societies such as these is decidedly to be advocated; and, as far as they are deserving of it, shall always command our strenuous support.

THE death of Mr. SEGUIER, who for a long series of years was the conservator of the regal and national galleries of art, has given occasion to the expression of opinions withheld during his lifetime out of due delicacy towards an able *employé*. In the post which he held in the National Gallery there is, on the one hand, an important service to perform in regard to the public purse, on the other, towards the public taste. To make these two matters as little antagonistic as possible, it becomes desirable that the director should be as shrewd in his purchases as omniscient in his connoisseurship. In the former capacity the recent occupant of the post was pre-eminently gifted, in the latter, we earnestly hope that the future director will so far surpass him as to secure the confidence of the lovers of art in its catholic sense. The direction of such institutions should never be cramped by a one-sided estimation of one particular class of paintings. He should be, if it be possible to find him, one whose taste can mount to the highest flights of the poetic schools, while he can descend with complacency to recognize and admire the technical niceties and luxurious richness of those which depend upon handling and colour. Without ascribing to him a despotic power of selection and of arrangement, there is little doubt that he is the index whose movement is consulted by those in the highest places; consequently it is not too much to expect that such an important personage, as regards the sway of taste, should be selected from the ranks of men so gifted with practical and scientific lore as to afford a guarantee for their correctness, and confer a consequent weight on their suggestions. Nor are such qualities to be sought in vain united with such business-like habits as we have previously hinted at. The list of artists of eminence presents names from whom, undoubtedly, the selection might be made, and in this case, while the nation would be duly served, an opportunity would be obtained of placing pecuniary emolument in the hands of a profession from whom much is at this moment expected, but who meddle but little with the outpourings of the public purse.

Since the above was written, we have learned, with great satisfaction, that the views suggested in these remarks have been anticipated by the Government, who, with creditable promptitude, have already conferred the office of Conservator of the Regal Galleries upon Sir Augustus Calcutt, R.A., and that of Conservator of the National Gallery upon Mr. Eastlake, R.A.; the choice will be unanimously approved. We understand that the manner of the giving was as gratifying to the distinguished artists as the gift itself is honourable both to the givers and receivers. Mr. Eastlake's services, as Secretary to the Fine Arts Commission, entitle him to whatever public rewards may fall to the lot of artists.

THE LATE MR. WILLIAM SEGUIER.—But few amongst the lovers of art will read unmoved the record of the death of this lamented gentleman, one not less respected by the amateur than by the artist, to whom he was ever the kind friend and patron. Mr. Seguer was early initiated in the study of art, his father being an eminent dealer in articles of *vertu*. After his father's death he continued the business for many years, securing by his excellent taste and unimpeachable integrity the entire confidence of the principal collectors of the last 50 years. By his advice the beautiful collection of Mr. Watson Taylor was formed, which evinced, by the high prices the pictures produced when dispersed by auction, the accuracy of his judgment. George IV., when forming his splendid gallery of Dutch masters, placed much reliance on the taste of Mr. Seguer, and appointed him conservator of all the royal collections, a situation which he ably filled during the reigns of William IV. and her present Majesty, and to him the public are indebted for the admirable arrangement of the pictures at Hampton-court Palace. By his advice the selection of pictures for the various palaces was made. At the foundation of the "National Gallery" Mr. Seguer was appointed chief director, the trustees in their purchases relying greatly upon his experience and judgment. Mr. Seguer also held the important situation of keeper to the British Institution, which frequently afforded him the pleasing opportunity of befriending a deserving and gifted artist, and which he was ever anxious to avail himself of. United with these public situations, he was honoured with the confidence of the Duke of Wellington and the Marquis of Westminster, having under his attention and direction the preservation of their valuable works of art. His sound judgment and high character procured him the intimate friendship of those far above him in rank and fortune, by whom he was ever esteemed a welcome guest. As an amateur of engravings, the etchings of the early Dutch masters were ever delightful to him; he formed a beautiful collection, particularly of the works of Rembrandt in their finest state; his Ostade and Claude etchings are of the rarest order, as is his general collection of the works of the Dutch painters. It would be impossible to over-estimate his ability as a restorer of pictures; so judicious, so able in his method, no picture was ever lessened in value under his superintendence; where little was required, little was done—but that little judiciously. In this branch of his business he was assisted by his brother, on whom the labour devolved, and to him, we doubt not, the confidence of his late brother's friends will be continued. Mr. Seguer was, we hear, in his 72nd year, enjoying till within the last few months excellent health and spirits. He has left several daughters, but no son. Few persons were more highly esteemed for integrity and urbanity of manners, while his superior and accurate judgment rendered his opinions truly valuable to every connoisseur in art, by whom his death will be deeply deplored.—*Times*.

#### New Publications.

*A Series of Compositions from the Liturgy.* By JOHN BELL, Sculptor. No. I. *The Lord's Prayer*. London, 1843, Longman and Co.

THE Sculptor does not frequently address the public taste through the medium of the etching needle, or the more laboured efforts of the engraver. When, however, he forsakes for awhile his clay or his marble, and embodies the floating visions of his fancy on paper, the result is generally highly satisfactory, and the designs exhibit a look of purity, less generally manifested in the more imitative productions of the sister art. This arises particularly from the more confined limits within which the sculptor's work is circumscribed: *form* being the grand means by which he operates on the feelings of the spectator, his perceptions are constantly exercised in selecting from his imagination those images which are fitted to convey at once, and in the simplest manner, the intended idea. Of "accessories," in pictorial language, he is permitted but few; of colour, nothing; of light and shade, just so much as can be derived from the composition of three or four figures at the utmost. With form and expression therefore he has to deal. What it is in his power to do with these, in his empire over the imaginations of others, has been evidenced by the works of Greece, which from age to age have been the theme of poet's pen and the objects of artists' veneration. When, therefore, the sculptor takes up his pencil to design, his mind may be supposed to have the two last-named qualities constantly present as the end in view, and consequently the lines by which he shadows forth the "thick-coming fancies," are just those, and those alone, which correspond in their suggestions with the manner in which he would represent the same

figures in the round or in relief. It thus happens that the cloud or the wave may be pictured by a few lines, while a tree, which the painter would give as it is seen in nature, may be suggested by a leafy branch, in fact by just so much as could be easily translated into the more stubborn materials in which the artist contemplates finally to work out his idea. Thus much have we thought it desirable to observe ere introducing more particularly to the notice of our readers some designs in outline which have just emanated from the press. Mr. Bell's *Compositions from the Liturgy*, we are told in the prospectus, "have occupied for several years the leisure of the sculptor, and are designs for *relievo*." Outline has been thought a fit medium for the representation of sculpture, and many works have been issued with considerable success, both here and in foreign countries, in which this style has been adopted, and from its abstract and pure nature it has been thought especially fitted for the illustration of the present subject."

The idea is a happy one, the *Liturgy* offering to our contemplation not only some of the most beautiful of literary compositions, but a series of the sublimest ideas that can excite the mind of the artist. The extensive range of religious history, the fearful mysteries of past and future, the tender ties and duties of domestic life, and the grand responsibilities of the governors and the governed, arise to the mental view, and offer subjects to the designer of genius at once trying to his skill and honourable to his courage. The field, as one open to the labours of the artist, is not only fertile, but comparatively untrodden ground. That Mr. Bell's talents are thoroughly adequate to cope with the difficulties of the task is a conviction that would have been enforced on our minds by the remembrance of the many beautiful works that have emanated already from his hand, all of which have evidenced from the first a poetical fancy of the highest order, and from year to year a still-increasing power of execution and arrangement. His "*Madonna and Child*" was an exquisite union of grace and tenderness, and his "*Dorothea*" dwells in our memory as an image of innocent loveliness.

In this, the first, number of his "*Compositions*," Mr. Bell has fully confirmed his title to confidence in undertaking a labour of such elevated character. The *Lord's Prayer* forms the theme of six designs, in which the choice and conception of the subject, the beauty of the forms, and the purity of the sentiment are worthy of marked applause. The sixth design is characterized by a vigour adapted to the nature of the passage,—"Deliver us from evil,"—and represents the ascent of blessed spirits against whom the efforts of the impersonation of "Evil" are directed in vain.

The "*Belief*" is announced as the next portion of this publication, which is to be followed by the "*Liturgy*;" the whole therefore will form, we presume, a work of tolerable though not bulky volume. In closing this brief notice, we must express our cordial welcome of the artist's genial illustrations, to which we shall, as the future numbers appear, again direct attention, and enter more critically upon the merits of the separate designs.

#### THE ANNUALS.

##### *Book of Beauty.*

The portraits which adorn this splendid annual are this year more than usually attractive and meritorious. Graceful forms and lovely countenances seem to have stimulated both painters and engravers to an exertion of their highest powers, and the success attendant upon their efforts has been complete: beauty shines out from these pages as vivid and faithful as though reflected from a mirror. Fortunately, to award the apple on which was inscribed *Delur pulcherrima* forms no part of our duty here: we say, "fortunately," seeing that the standard of taste in such matters, far from being fixed and definable, is as variable, or nearly so, as there are individuals to choose and pronounce an opinion as to what passes before them. Without challenging comparison, of so invidious a nature, it certainly comes fairly within our province to pass judgment on the artistic qualities of the engravings before us. To the delicacy and finish of the portrait of Lady Clementina Villiers, engraved by H. Robinson, from a sweet drawing by Chalon, to that of Viscountess Barrington by Hayter, and to Drummond's charming portrait of Miss Craven, we invite particular attention. The selection and



opposition of different styles of beauty throughout the book have been highly judicious; and no expense appears to have been spared in the getting up of these handsome embellishments.

The illustrations of *The Keepsake* are among the best, if not the very best, that adorn these welcome Christmas visitors. They are thirteen in number, and are got up with extraordinary care. *The Queen of the Belgians*, from a picture by Sir Wm. Ross, is a beautiful sketch of aristocracy; the artist has caught the aspect of nobility in the expression of the face. L. David's *Anglers* is a charming bit of nature. But there is genius in Redgrave's *Daily Teacher*, a picture of extraordinary merit, to which the engraver has done ample justice. This engraving alone is worth the cost of the volume. Mr. Poole's *Gleaner* is pretty and pleasing. Cattermole contributes two subjects, *The Banquet* and *The Parting*. We confess ourselves not to be admirers of his pictures; there is too much uniformity about them; and there is a stiffness not quite natural, even in the starched manners of the times he loves to limn. He is, however, a favourite with the public, and his pictures engrave well. Chalon has given us one of his showy portraits. Stephanoff has supplied one, in his manner, called *The Surprise*, clever and amusing. The tale is well told. Hayter's *Aline* shows great power. Corbould's *First Meeting* is an extremely clever print, well designed, well executed by the artist, and admirably handled by the engraver. Miss F. Corboux's *Leila* is a beautiful creature, worthy of her place in the Queen of the Annals. On the whole, it would have been difficult to make a better selection of subjects, and certainly it would have been impossible to have presented them to so much advantage as under the superintendence of Mr. Charles Heath.

#### Friendship's Offering.

The illustrations of this old and valued annual are this year larger and of a more ambitious character than heretofore they have been, and hence correspond with the obvious advance made in the other departments of the work. In addition to the usual number of engravings on steel and copper, wood-cuts of a superior character, in the shape of ornamental initial letters, and representations of incident in the humorous stories scattered throughout the book, have, with the happiest effect, been introduced. To the frontispiece, entitled "Umpires of the Combat," we invite attention; it is from one of Frank Stone's charming pictures, full of earnestness and expression—qualities which have been effectively transferred by the engraver to the metal. Amongst the best are "The Destroying Angel," from an imposing picture by the late George Harlow; and "The Sacrifice," a delicately-executed plate from a subject more than usually elaborated by Cattermole. There are, however, two engravings, of which, as they make no small pretensions, being manifest and unsuccessful imitations of Turner, we cannot approve; these are "The Coast of Genoa" and "The Glacier du Bois," by a person who very judiciously only gives the initial letters of his name. But the gem of the whole, in our opinion, is "The Landing Place," engraved by Radclyffe, from a picture, full of atmosphere, and admirably composed, by Danby. Taken broadly, the artistic merits of "The Friendship's Offering" are equally creditable to the artists who executed, and the publisher whose liberality procured these works.

The *Picturesque Annual* is another from the same management, and its subjects are of a more popular character than those which appear in any other of the annuals. For an account of the volume we refer the readers to the literary notices in the present number; here we are dealing with the engravings. Of these, we are presented with no less than eighteen, from designs by Eugene Lami. They certainly bear upon them the stamp of a foreign school, but they are the more interesting on that account. Their Frenchified character, if we may be allowed the term, is not displeasing in the portraiture of French scenery; it is in keeping with the style of the buildings, and of all that is submitted to our notice. The charm of the drawing lies in its vividness; every thing is distinctly brought out. The *Gallery of the Louvre* is remarkable for its fine perspective; *The Interior of the Church of St. Denis* has higher merits than can be claimed by

some others of its companion prints. The artist has seized the interest with which every thing relating to the visit of the Queen of England to France will be received, to preserve through the engraver some scenes which his pencil caught on that memorable occasion, and they form not the least attractive portion of the pictorial beauty of the volume. Hastily engraved they must have been, and traces of this are visible; but we are not sure that they do not gain in spirit and effect, more than they lose in the absence of minute touches of the graver's tool. They have the boldness and broad lines of a drawing, and tell their story admirably. Take it for all in all, this is certainly the most likely of the annuals to command extensive popularity, both from the merits of its literature and the subjects of its engravings. But we are trespassing beyond our bounds.

#### THE NEW PANORAMA.

We have pleasure in announcing that Mr. Burford has now in hand (and indeed rapidly approaching the finish) a Panorama of Treport and the surrounding prospect, embracing, as the chief feature of attraction, the debarkation, in September last, of her Majesty Queen Victoria on the coast of France. A meeting on the most amicable terms of two great sovereigns, such as the Queen of Great Britain and the King of the French, occurring rarely, will necessarily take rank as an interesting event in the history of both nations, and therefore becomes to their respective artists a legitimate subject for the pencil. Acting on this impression, and of course calculating upon its proving a profitable speculation, Mr. Burford determined to bring out a panorama of "the landing;" and in order to secure as faithful a representation of it as possible, Mr. Selous (whose spirited and finely conceived cartoon, "Boadicea haranguing the Iceni," gained a prize at the national competition in May last) went over to France to make the necessary sketches for the great picture now in progress, and shortly to be exhibited. It would seem to indicate that the French rated much more highly the importance of the visit of our gracious Queen to their shores than did the English, for we understand that many French artists of distinction were in waiting to make drawings of "the landing," while the only English draughtsman of any note present was Mr. Selous. We hear, too, that the print-shops of Paris have been thronged by lithographers, &c., of this event; and, further, that they have had an extensive sale. The antiquated costume still worn by the quiet people of Treport; and the adjacent coast and inland scenery; are picturesque in no common degree: add to these the splendid and showy accessories that formed part of this meeting of the monarchs, and we have the materials for a striking and charming picture. They can hardly be in better hands than those now engaged in painting them; therefore we look forward with confidence, expecting shortly to see a well-composed and spirited panorama of this interesting spectacle; and as it certainly deserves to be, so have we no doubt it will prove, a profitable speculation on the part of Mr. Burford.

We understand that the highly talented Clarkson Stanfield, R.A., has returned within these few days from a professional tour in Holland, which land of the dyke and fen he has visited with the twofold object of discovering new subjects for his magic pencil in the wonders to be achieved by him at the Colosseum, and of securing the efficient services of M. Klooderbogs—a name already familiar to most of our readers as that of a Dutch artist of great continental reputation. It is said that M. Klooderbogs (who has never been in England before) expressed, in no very measured terms, his admiration of the vast capabilities of the building on which his art is to be lavished. We wish M. Klooderbogs and Stanfield all success.—*Evening Paper*. [We are delighted to hear that M. Klooderbogs has a name so "familiar" to the public; we were not aware of it; but, with the journal from which we quote, we wish him success, for the sake of his colleague.]

MR. COPE and Mr. DUNCAN were the two gentlemen recently added to the list of Associates of the Royal Academy. Few elections have given more universal satisfaction. Mr. Duncan, as the painter of the "Entry of the Pretender into Edinburgh," and the "Prince Edward Stuart in the

cavern," at this year's exhibition, was recognised with considerable favour by the English public. Of Mr. Cope we can say more. His pictures, his etchings, his cartoon of the "First Trial by Jury," all his artistic productions, manifest a genius of no ordinary calibre, and we are, therefore, not surprised to hear it said that the votes for his election were almost unanimous. It is in this judicious addition of the rising talent of the country to the list of its members that the Academy maintains its power over public opinion, which certain previous mismanagements had begun to seriously discompose. As an instance of this, we can barely point to the treatment of this very Mr. Cope by the same body in the exhibition of May last. A better or more interesting painting than his "Cotter's Saturday Night" can scarcely be said to have come from his easel, and yet such was its degraded position in the great room at the Academy, that we question if ten out of every hundred visitors bent their backs to take a peep at it. This is not the generous treatment which young artists should receive from such a body. If even Homer sometimes nodded, surely it follows that a tolerable production of one who had previously distinguished himself should meet with a tolerable place; but here was a professional ban of inferiority placed upon a work far, far superior to many around it, and to whose author in a few short months the Academy decreed admission to its honours.

#### THE DRAMA AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

##### ADELPHI THEATRE.

THIS is one of the few successful theatres of this undramatic age, and its prosperity is the result of judicious management, the director being content to excel in two or three species of entertainment, for which the Adelphi is famous. Hence people throng to it sure of amusement, and knowing the kind of amusement they will meet with. They go when they are in the mood, and the Adelphi mood is a very usual one with Englishmen, that in which the mind, overtoiled with business, desires to be abstracted from itself, and perforce to be dragged into a new train of emotions. Hence it is that the strong excitement of melodrama and the relaxation of the broadest farce are equally attractive, and take their turn upon the stage, to the vehement delight of audiences who never care to play the part of critics, but are content to be pleased without asking why or whether they ought to be so. The month has produced a succession of novelties, all of which have been successful. We have had "The Bohemians," an importation from Paris, said to be a very correct picture of a class in that capital, whose existence is described as a problem, and their conditions and fortunes an enigma, having no resting place, and who are never to be found and yet are to be seen everywhere; who have no trade, yet live by professions; the greater number of whom rise without knowing where they shall dine. Rich to-day, dying of hunger to-morrow; ready to live honestly if they can, and otherwise if they cannot. Of these there are in Paris one hundred thousand. The materials are good, and the author has made good use of them. Some of the scenes are singularly effective, bustling and dramatic, affording excellent tableaux; others touch the feelings, and there was many a tearful cheek during the interview of Louise (Mrs. Yates) with Frere Cœur (Mr. O. Smith). Indeed, every character was well sustained, and the applause was, as it deserved to be, tremendous. Another drama has been produced with fair success, under the title of "The Roll of the Drum." It did not so much please us as the *Bohemians*, for there is less of nature and probability in the plot; but it was so admirably acted, that defects of structure were forgotten. Miss Emma Stanley, whose indomitable spirits carry her triumphantly through all she undertakes, sustained the part of a suttler girl with a liveliness and abandon truly charming. It was not acting, but nature. She was universally applauded, and a song which she introduced was encored. The plots of plays are often amusing to distant readers, and when we can find room for them we shall present them. But really this month we are so pressed with material, that we are compelled to abbreviate, and we must be content on this occasion with recommending all, especially country readers coming to town, to visit the Adelphi.

## THE PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

This delightful little theatre continues to attract the *élite* of the metropolis to its magnificently decorated circles, and the manager wisely wins the approval of his visitors by the completeness with which he presents the various novelties in opera and ballet produced from time to time. *Don Pasquale* runs its prosperous course, drawing large and fashionable audiences, and improved with each repetition. The ballet of *Giselle* is no less a favourite, and the *Old Guard* seems to be immortal, for there he is, night after night, greeted with unwearied rounds of applause. Hence there is little of novelty to notice in the doings of the Princess's Theatre during the past month. A farce, however, called *Out for a Lark*, has been produced and with tolerable success. The writer is Mr. Egerton Wilkes. The incidents are not very numerous, nor very complicated, nor very probable, but perhaps not exceeding the licence of farce, of which fun is the object and situation the soul, no matter by what monstrous contrivances the characters are brought into it. The idea of this piece is humorous enough. Lord Viscount Dashaway has a son and a daughter, who are upon the Continent, and whom he has not seen since their childhood. His footman and maid-servant, being "out for a lark," assume the names and titles of the noble lord's son and daughter, and as such impose themselves on Admiral Masthead, an uncle of the said children. On this a few farcical scenes are founded, and the trick is ultimately discovered by the arrival of the real parties. This is slender material for a dramatic piece, though but of one act, and no small measure of intrinsic merit was needed to make it endurable; and such it possesses, proving that Mr. Wilkes may do better things with a happier plot. The audience seemed to think so, for they applauded frequently, and were pleased to express approval on the announcement of its repetition. But we suspect it will not enjoy a long life. It has not the inherent vitality of the *Old Guard*, though Morris Barnett sustained the character of an Irishman with his usual genius. Mr. Walter Lacy was full of spirit, and all the subordinate characters were creditably sustained. Take it for all in all, the Princess's Theatre is certainly one of the *sights* of London.

## THE DIORAMA.

We have doubted whether to class the Diorama among public amusements. It is something more; it belongs to the Fine Arts, and is one of Art's most beautiful productions. Nevertheless, as it is a sight which nobody who visits town even for twenty-four hours should omit to see, we notice it among the other attractions for strangers, that those of our readers who turn to this division of THE CRITIC to learn what there is to be placed upon the list for inspection may not omit to set the Diorama foremost in their memorandum-books.

To describe this magical work of the painter would be impossible. It must be seen to be conceived. Words are weak to portray the thousand beauties that strike the visitor with astonishment equally that such effects should be practicable and how they can be accomplished.

The two pictures being at present exhibited are the *Basilica of St. Paul's*, and the *Notre Dame*, at Paris. The first is seen in its perfect state, dimly lighted by the early morning. While we gaze, the light changes, and suddenly, though the eye has never been removed, the place is transformed to its present state of ruin—the broken, half-burnt beams lying upon the battered floor, and the roof open to the sky.

But this is nothing to the *Notre Dame*. We are introduced to it at sunset. The river flowing calmly round it—the glowing sky of even—the building in shadow. Presently it grows darker—the moon comes out, and so do the stars, in an atmosphere as richly blue and clear as ever was the natural sky; the building is lighted up within—the moon-beams throw out its exterior, and gleam upon the water—a mass is rolled from the organ, and the visitor feels inclined to fall upon his knees.

You pass into the open air from this wonderful deception of scenic art, and it is difficult to convince yourself that you have been beholding nothing but a picture. The illusion is perfect, and you who have not seen it should go soon, for it is about to close for a change of subjects, and if you delay you will lose a treat which will dwell in your memory as long as you live.

GLEANINGS OF THE MONTH.  
ORIGINAL AND SELECT.THE WANDERER'S SONG OF HOME.  
(From the Somerset Gazette.)

"The voice of the Indian stream I've heard,  
As it sailed o'er a floor of pearls;  
And by Ebro's wave the soft night bird  
Breathes songs to the starry worlds.  
The spirit of air, with its sweetest sigh,  
Through Araby's date trees roam;  
But give me, with fond companions by,  
The music of home—dear home.  
I've gazed on the flowers of golden hue  
That cradle on Persia's land,  
And the mantle dipped in a sunny blue,  
That roofs the Ionian strand.  
I've bowed to the Southern eyes, that burn  
'Neath their rich brows' jetty dome;  
Yet my heart hath panted again to turn,  
To the beauty of home—dear home.

Bridgewater.

FENELLA.

## THE MAIDEN-BRIEF.

(For "The Critic.")

Tune—"The return of the Admiral."

How merry in the thronging streets the populace appear;  
The morning is all sunshine, the judge's coach is near—  
Here come the men with javelins, all sparkling in the light;  
They look almost like warriors on Astley's stage at night!  
There ride the jolly farmers, each man has found a hack;  
Bright eyes come forth to look at us, the gentlemen in black;  
Behind us and around us streams on the gazing town,—  
How proud must be a Barrister to wear a wig and gown!

How proud must be that Barrister, though he is pale to-day,  
To think that twice six jurymen must hear what he's to say;  
And if he proves successful with that his maiden-brief,  
He may be, twenty years from hence, a pious judge or chief.  
Oh! would I were a Barrister, to let my voice be heard,  
To plead some twenty years or so, and then be made a lord;  
I'd shout to every flock of sheep that I might chance to meet,  
"Some day I'll make that wool of yours adorn my judgment seat!"

But paler grew that Barrister—he heard his case called on;  
He smiled upon his neighbours, and he made a sickly pun:  
He looked up at the skylight, and he rose with trembling knees,  
For he heard the judge's solemn voice say—"Now, Sir, if you please."

He rose, and for an instant his cheek was seen to flush,  
Exhibiting that union strange,—a lawyer and a blush;  
But soon the transient flush went by, and soon his cheek grew pale,  
And he looked in that unhappy state called "very like a whale."

And then a horrid whisper amid the crowd was heard,—  
"I'm blow'd if that e're Counsellor knows how to say a word!"

He wiped his brow, he tried to speak, but nothing could we note,  
Save a gurgle and a muttering far down within his throat.  
He saw the judge's kindly smile, he saw his client's frown;  
But vain was either stimulus—he stammered and sat down:  
And he never from that moment, save perhaps to sign a plea  
Was troubled as a Barrister or gladdened with a fee.

J. S.

MR. POULETT THOMPSON AND GEORGE III.—His brother tells an agreeable anecdote of his childhood, which is worth extracting. He was at Brighton in 1803, with his brothers and sisters, and attracted the notice of George the Third, who was always fond of pretty children:—"The King became so partial to Charles, the youngest, then not quite four years old, that he insisted on a daily visit from him, often watched at the window for his arrival, ran down himself to open the door and let him in, and carried him about in his arms to shew all that could amuse the child in the very ordinary lodging house then occupied by the royal party, and especially the supper laid out for the children's balls, which their Majesties frequently gave for the amusement of their young favourites. On one occasion, the King being on the pier head, about to embark in the royal yacht upon one of his sailing trips, and having the child in his arms, he turned round to Mr. Pitt, who was in attendance at his elbow, having probably hurried down from London for an audience on important business, and exclaimed, 'Is not this a fine boy, Pitt? Fine boy, isn't he? Take him in your arms, Pitt; take him in your arms; charming child, isn't he?' Then suiting the action to the word, he made the stiff and solemn premier, weighed down as he seemed to be with cares of state, dandle and kiss the pretty boy, and carry him some minutes in his arms, albeit strange and unused to such a burden. The circumstance, though trivial, had so comical an effect, from the awkwardness and apparent reluctance with which the formal minister performed his compelled part of nurse, as to make an impression on the writer, who stood by, though but seven years old himself, which time has never effaced."

ANECDOTES FROM THE LETTERS OF HORACE WALPOLE.—"Will you believe, in Italy, that one rascally and extravagant banker had brought Britannia, Queen of the Indies, to the precipice of bankruptcy! It is very true, and Fordyce is the name of the caiff. He has broke half the bankers, and was very willing to have added our friend Mr. Croft to the list; but he begged to be excused lending him a farthing. He went on the same errand to an old quaker; who said, 'Friend Fordyce, I have known

several persons ruined by two dice; but I will not be ruined by Four dice.'"—"We have an instance in our family of real dignity of mind, and I set it down as the most honourable alliance in the pedigree. The Dowager Lady Walpole, you know, was a French staymaker's daughter. When Ambassador in France, the Queen expressed surprise at her speaking so good French. Lady Walpole said she was a French woman. 'Française!' replied the Queen. 'Vous Française, Madame! et de quelle famille?'—'D'aucune, Madame,' answered my aunt. Don't you think that *aucune* sounded greater than Montmorency would have done? One must have a great soul to be one of the *aucune* family, which is not necessary, to be a Howard."

"The most ancient of our acquaintance is dead at last, the Princess Craon. She has been sitting ready-dressed for death for some years. I mean, she was always full dressed, and did nothing, nor saw anybody; but now and then one of her old children or grandchildren."—"Lady Gertrude Hotham (Lord Chesterfield's sister), one of the few whom perhaps you remember, is dead; she set her ruffe, and thence the rest of her dress, on fire, and died of it in ten days. She had wit like all her brothers, but for many years had been a Methodist. About two years ago, as the Earl was ill, she went with her Primate, Lady Huntingdon, to try to tempt him to one of their seminaries in Wales, hoping to get at his soul by a cranny in his health. They extolled the prospects, and then there were such charming mountains! 'Hold, ladies,' said he, 'I don't love mountains,—when your ladyship's faith has removed the mountains, I will go thither with all my heart!' What pity there is nothing of that wit in his letters!"

MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU IN OLD AGE.—"I found her in a little miserable bedchamber of a ready-furnished house, with two tallow candles, and a bureau covered with pots and pans. On her head, in full of all accounts, she had an old black-laced hood, wrapped entirely round, so as to conceal all hair or want of hair. No handkerchief, but up to her chin a kind of horseman's riding-coat, calling itself a *pet en l'air*, made of a dark green (green I think it had been) brocade, with coloured and silver flowers, and lined with furs; bodice laced, a foul dimity petticoat, sprigged velvet muffs on her arms, grey stockings, and slippers. Her face less changed in twenty years than I could have imagined; I told her so, and she was not so tolerable twenty years ago that she needed have taken it for flattery; but she did, and literally gave me a box on the ear. She is very lively—all her senses perfect, her language as imperfect as ever, her avarice greater. She entertained me at first with nothing but the dearth of provisions at Helvoet. With nothing but an Italian, a French, and a Prussian, all men-servants, and something she calls an *old* secretary, but whose age till he appears will be doubtful, she receives all the world, who go to homage her as Queen Mother, and crams them into this kennel. The Duchess of Hamilton, who came in just after me, was so astonished and diverted that she could not speak to her for laughing. She says that she has left all her clothes at Venice. I really pity Lady Bute! What will be the progress of such a commencement!"

QUEER CALCULATION.—Some singular genius has perpetrated the following calculations, which we think will do:—I have been married 32 years, during which time I have received from the hands of my wife three cups of coffee each day, two in the morning and one at night, making 35,040 cups of half a pint each, or nearly 70 barrels of 30 gallons each, weighing 17,520lb, or nearly nine tons weight. Yet from that period I have scarcely varied myself in weight from 160lb. It will, therefore, be seen that I have drank in coffee alone 218 times my own weight. I am not much of a meat eater, yet I presume I have consumed about eight ounces a day, which makes 5,806lb, or about ten oxen. Of flour, I have consumed, in the 32 years, about 50 barrels. For 20 years of this time, up to 1831, I have drank two wine glasses of brandy each day, making 900 quarts. The port wine, Madeira, whiskey, punch, &c., I am not able to count, but they are not large. In champagne I have been extremely moderate, as I find from my bills that I have paid for 53 baskets in the last 13 years, which is about one bottle a week, and this not all consumed by me. When we take into the account all the vegetables in addition, such as potatoes, peas, asparagus, strawberries, cherries, apples, pears, peaches, raisins, &c., the amount consumed by an individual is most enormous. Now my body has been renewed more than four times in 32 years, and taking it for granted that the water, of which I have drank much, acts merely as a diluent, yet all taken together I conclude that I have consumed in 32 years about the weight of 1,100 men of 160lb each.—*Paris Paper*.

THE ANTIQUITIES OF NEW YORK.—The Bowery, with name so flowery, where the discord of a thousand wheels is overtopped by shrill street cries, was a list of orchards and mowing-land in the rear of the old city, called in Dutch the *Bouwerys*, or farms, and is popular phrase, "the high road to Boston." In 1631, old Governor Stuyvesant bought the "Bouwerys"



(now so immensely valuable in the market sense) for 6,400 guilders, or £1,066; houses, barn, six cows, two horses, and two young negro slaves, were included with the land. He built a reformed Dutch Church, at his own expense, on his farm, within the walls of which was the family vault. The church of St. Mark now occupies the same site, and on the outside wall stands his original grave-stone, thus inscribed:—"In this vault lies buried Petrus Stuyvesant, late captain-general and commander-in-chief of Amsterdam, in New Netherland, now called New York, and the Dutch West India Islands. Died, August, A.D. 1682, aged 80 years." A pear-tree stands without the wall, still vigorous, though brought from Holland and planted there by the governor himself. His family, still among the wealthiest of our city aristocracy, have preserved some curious memorials of their venerable Dutch ancestor. A portrait in armour, well executed in Holland, probably while he was admiral there, represents him as a dark-complexioned man, with strong bold features, and moustachios on his upper lip. They likewise preserve the shirt in which he was christened; of the finest Holland linen, edged with narrow lace.—*Mrs. Child's Letters.*

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